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NOVEMBER 20, 1961

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## Next week

An artist and writer join to paint a vivid picture of an Illinois town called Cairo, where shotgunners, game, gangsters and Big-fish are gathered for a free-wheeling fall convention.

Martin Kane writes about the surf fishing off the Outer Banks of North Carolina. Those a splendid run of channel have had craved year-long fears of a possible decline in the species.

Roy Terrell reports on Jimmy Sartore, the most colorful runner in college football this year, and the University of Texas Longhorns, who may be the nation's No. 1 team.





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SHOPWALK continued

## BOOTS BUILT FOR COMFORT AND CONTROL

### THE HINGED BOOT

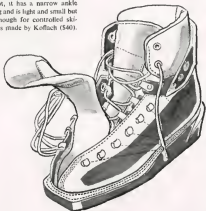
The Koflach Gold Star boot has stainless steel hinges that allow the boot tops to flex forward with the skier's leg action (left). This may help prevent the ankle soreness that sometimes occurs with other high stiff boots. Despite this flexibility, the Koflach boot (\$580) provides the skier with the lateral support necessary for tight turns.

Drawings by Dan Todd



### A BOOT FOR GIRLS

This ski boot was designed by Penny Pitou, the top U.S. skier in the 1960 Olympics, especially for girl skiers. Called the Squaw Valley boot, it has a narrow ankle opening and is light and small but solid enough for controlled skiing. It is made by Koflach (\$40).



CONTINUED

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED NOVEMBER 20, 1962

**A GOOD CHAIR, NOWADAYS, IS HARD TO FIND.** Every day Herman Miller hears from someone who yearns to buy the Charles Eames Lounge Chair but doesn't know where to buy it. In sympathy, Herman Miller has revolutionized its service department and will now find the chair for you, if you like.

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SHOPWALK continued

## FOREIGN-MADE SKIS



### ALUMINUM AND WOOD

Slightly softer this year for better performance on packed snow, the Attenhofer A-15, an aluminum-and-wood sandwich ski, is one of the European competitors of metal skis turned out by American manufacturers such as Head and Hugi. Made in four different models (racing and recreational), each pair of A-15 skis has plastic bottoms and is guaranteed for three years against factory defects (\$110 to \$130).



### METAL DOWNHILL

The Blizzard Metall is also an aluminum-and-wood sandwich ski, but unlike the Attenhofer A-15, it utilizes a vertical core of alternating plastic and wood to produce the extra-stiff characteristics of a downhill ski. Used successfully in downhill racing last winter in Austria, the Blizzard Metall (\$140) has two layers of aluminum on the bottom as well as an aluminum layer on the top. One-piece steel edges lie flush with the Kofix plastic bottom sole. A recreational model is also available (\$140).

CONTINUED

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SHOPWALK continued



## ALUMINUM

The Couette ski, this season's new Aluh flex model, has an aluminum ridge top and bottom with a solid wood filler. The Couette (\$100) also has a plastic tape on the ridge top that gives the ski a glossy, enamel-like appearance. Like the plastic bottom sole, it strips off easily and is simple to replace. Too, the steel edges, riveted in sections, are easier to replace than the one-piece edges found in some of the other imported skis. There is a separate boot-binding platform with rubber support cushions.



## FIBER GLASS

One of the most promising European skis this year (it won several summer slalom races in France last July) is the Jean Vuarnet fiber glass ski made by Rossignol (\$150). It is molded around three air chambers and two wooden ribs, and the flexibility of the ski can be controlled by varying the pressure of the air chambers. The air chambers also reduce the overall weight of the ski.

CONTINUED

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## FUNCTIONAL SKI POLES

Recreational skiers, in order to use effectively the longer ski poles required in today's shortswing skiing, must have poles that are lighter and stronger than ever before. And most importantly, the poles should still incorporate the proper swing-weight balance for quick and easy handling. A skier also requires a solid grip on the handle of the longer ski poles, so he can place them precisely as pivot points in a tight series of turns. At the Squaw Valley Olympics a long, light aluminum pole made by Scott of Sun Valley was offered to some of the racers on a trial basis. Within days there was hardly a skier in the Valley who was not begging Scott for a pair of his own, and last year a mass-produced version of the Scott pole was almost as popular with recreational skiers. This year a new Scott pole is on the market that is fitted with a functional handle (*below*) that helps skiers to flick their poles out quickly and easily.



## CANTED PISTOL GRIP

The Scott ski pole handle provides skiers with a more secure and comfortable grip. In addition, the handle is tilted a few degrees forward from the ski pole shaft. This canted handle enables skiers to plant their ski poles slightly ahead, without half-opening the hand or placing the wrist in an awkward position.



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#### SAFETY SKI POLE

The Sila-Flex fiber glass ski pole has a wrist strap that releases under tension (above) and a rimless plastic basket (below). Both features are major design innovations in ski poles. The wrist strap can be cinched down for close, tight control of the pole, yet it still will release under tension (the amount of tension desired is regulated by a handle-adjustment screw). The rimless basket also pulls apart under severe pressure, such as catching a pole in a snow fence or bush. The Magnum model, which is extremely lightweight and strong, is made of stressed fiber glass (\$24.50).



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SHOPWALK *continued*

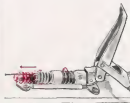
### EASY TO ADJUST

Safety bindings (whether front-throw, toe or turntable) must provide automatic release in case of spills, yet still hold the boot securely and firmly while skiing. Such bindings should not lock or freeze up, must be easy to adjust or reset on the ski slope and, ideally, should not require separate boot attachments.



#### CLOCK-SET BINDING

The Gero-Olymp safety binding can be hand-set (clockwise) to any of 11 degrees of tension but never locked. The side toe holders prevent the ski boot from rocking on the ski and also raise or lower with a turn of an inset screw to accommodate any boot sole. And the swiveling mechanism will not freeze. The toe pieces (\$10) are guaranteed by the manufacturer for three years.



#### BOLT-SET BINDING

The Kandahar front-throw binding permits skiers to increase or decrease tension on the cable of a binding by as much as three inches (above). The adjustment differential of this otherwise conventional assembly can be loosened or tightened by twisting the forward steel bolt (\$11).

## Will he bowl 'em over like Andy Varipapa?

At an age when most athletes have long retired to the quiet of their scrippbooks, you could hear Andy Varipapa crashing strikes in the country's biggest bowling matches. In 1946, when he was 55, he won the National Individual Match Game Championship, the oldest man ever to win this 100-game test of skill and stamina.

Next year, as if to prove the truth of his nickname, "Andy the Great," he won it again, the first ever to take the title two years running.

Now past 70, and a member of the bowling Hall of Fame, Andy is still bowling, still winning, still showing 'em how. He is a living example to our youngsters of what you can do

when you are really physically fit.

Our national leaders have pointed out the importance of physical fitness at this time in history. They have stated that we cannot allow our physical vigor to decline if we are to meet the challenges which face us today. They recognize the

fitness of our children and young people as the responsibility of each and every one of us.

To discharge this responsibility, it is essential that we guarantee youth the opportunity to develop at home and in the school. Equitable is proud of the millions of youngsters who have been given this opportunity through Living Insurance from Equitable. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. 19, N. Y. 10019

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*Henry Bell*

# SCORECARD

## THE SHORTS AGAIN

As happens every four years, the U.S. ski team is getting ready to go abroad for the World Ski Championships. And, as also happens every four years, the U.S. ski team has a bad case of the shorts. Out of \$55,000 needed as a bare minimum, only \$30,000 has been raised; and half the team leaves in two weeks. If the other \$25,000 is not forthcoming, the other half of the squad stays home.

This would be pretty tough on kids who have trained most of their lives for this chance, then tried out for the team over a two-month series of races at their own expense. But it would be even tougher on the U.S. Why? Well, there are a number of countries that never lose a chance to make us look like bums. Our ski team wears the national shield on its uniforms. To Europeans, a national shield means a national team, whether it is made up of amateurs or not.

Unlike a great many other deserving sports, skiing is a multimillion-dollar proposition in this country. The multimillions are made by manufacturers and resort owners, who get a fair amount of their publicity from racing. Some of them—like the Hend Ski Company, Dartmouth Skis and the Mt. Mansfield Company—have already backed the team with cash. It seems odd that so many others should leave the financing to ordinary skiers who derive nothing more from the team than a mild sense of pride.

## TWO FINE DUCKS

Fellow named Don Mack does an outdoors-type television show in Columbus, Ohio. The other day he beamed at the cameras and proudly displayed a brace of canvasbacks. He had, he announced proudly, shot them on a farm pond near his home. Too late, a station employee slipped a note into his hand: "You can't shoot these!" Federal agents put the arm on the hapless Mack after the show.

The ducks may eventually wind up in the Ohio State Museum to be mounted and displayed, so it shouldn't be a total loss, and Don Mack was taken before

Judge Mel G. Underwood. His Honor was furious. He ordered Mack to read on his next show the full text of the federal law protecting canvasbacks. And the judge added: "You tell them, too, that I fined you \$250 for each bird."

## SPECULATION SET DOWN

Corporations selling stock to the public and engaging in Thoroughbred racing with the proceeds are now banned by a new rule of the New York State Racing Commission. Florida, California, New Jersey and all in-between points, please copy. If bettors want to become owners, let them buy horses and not stock. Such corporate racing, as we have pointed out, offers too much opportunity for fixing in brokerage and bookmaking establishments as well as in stables and paddocks.

## NELLO, MONEY

It was with genuine regret last week that burly Jack Nicklaus gave up his standing as the world's best amateur golfer and announced he was turning pro. For two years he had nurtured the hope that he could be another Bobby Jones, combining an amateur's attitude and status with a professional's competence, to become the very symbol of his sport. But golf has grown so much that neither Nicklaus nor anyone else with his overwhelming ability can sensibly remain an amateur anymore.

Few athletes can hope to attain the levels of financial success now open to the very best golf pros. Nicklaus scoffed the other day at a published report he would make \$100,000 a year. But he will. Gary Player grosses more than that, and Arnold Palmer makes twice that much out of tournament winnings and a seemingly endless variety of golf-associated businesses. These are the big two of the U.S. golf circuit. The big two will become the big three in January when Nicklaus goes to California to join them.

Although we feel a twinge of nostalgia for the passing era of the amateur, we applaud Nicklaus' decision. A lot more people than before are going to be able

to see and appreciate both the tremendous talent and engaging personality of young Jack Nicklaus. He shouldn't be sorry he turned professional. The vast majority of golf fans aren't.

## LAZY MUSCLES

Recent revelations on muscle building without movement (SI, Oct. 30) have brought a spate of ideas across our desk. An Englishman comes up with the theory that worry is the route to strength and health. Get in there and worry hard, he advises, and watch the muscles grow. A youthful character in English literature—whose name now escapes us—spent long hours in a supine position to conserve his muscles. He believed that he thus would become the strongest man in the world, but his father kicked him into action before the test was complete.



But we are most titillated over a historical vignette submitted by one of our London correspondents. "There was a Buddhist monk named Bodhidharma," he writes, "who meditated for nine years facing a wall. Then he turned around and taught his followers boxing."

## FRIEND OF EDUCATION

Usually it is the rah-rah alumni who push the overemphasis of football on the American campus. They slip \$10 bills into the hands of star players, provide them with plush part-time jobs and fight for special privileges for cheerleaders whose sole qualification for college is their ability to play football. But at Ohio State—of all places—there is an alumni secretary who is the precise opposite. For years John B. Füllen has used his acid pen to battle for reason and sensibility. Last week he was tilting again. Ohio State University's Faculty Council had

continued



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Gin in a Gimlet is also superb.  
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**LANVIN**

## SCORECARD *continued*

put through a new athletic scholarship program. It went through, said Fullen, under false pretenses. Among other things noted by Fullen in an acerbic article in the campus newspaper: aided athletes must maintain only a 1.7 grade average as freshmen, 1.8 the second year, 1.9 the third and 2 the fourth. The university average is 2.5, but students on academic scholarships lose their financial assistance once they dip below 3.

Then Fullen took on the school's football coach, Woody Hayes, famed competitor and staunch advocate of three-years-and-a-cloud-of-dust football. Noting that Hayes had observed that the job of OSU football players was, to some extent, football, Fullen said: "The job of these boys is 'to some extent' getting an education." If OSU is so hell-bent to win games, Fullen went on, it should hire a professional football team and control it under a Bureau of Football. Some cynics say, of course, that this already has happened.

## THE BIG O (CONT.)

When Charles O. Finley bought control of the Kansas City Athletics in 1960, they were an eighth-place team. When the American League expanded to 10 teams this past season, however, the A's proved that they had the ability to finish in a tie for ninth. Next year, who knows?

Finley, of course, did shuffle some of his office personnel around. Among those shuffled were General Manager Frank Lane (fired), Field Manager Joe Gordon (fired), Farm Manager Hank Peters (fired), Assistant General Manager and Farm Director Bill Bergesch (resigned), Director of Player Personnel George Selkirk (resigned) and seven of the A's scouts (resigned). Currently, Finley is enforcing a directive that bars any member of the A's front office from speaking to any reporter from the city's best paper, *The Kansas City Star* (circulation 337,482). The A's attendance last season, even with two more home games than they had in 1960, fell 91,127.

Finley, in discussing the firing of Lane, said, "At no time did I find Lane knew as much about baseball as I did, and that's not saying much." That's saying quite a bit.

## EXERCISE IN MAGIC

Students at Pleasure Ridge Park High in Jefferson County, Ky. imposed a strict rule of silence on themselves in an effort

*continued*

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Great Sweaters! Foreground, float-neck long-sleeve pullover; background, traditional cardigan. Both in magnificent 100% virgin wool. Knit in a 90-year tradition of craftsmanship, Pendleton sweaters take rich colors because they're *wool*. And wool makes them warm, comfortable and flexible. Northernly (float-neck), 14.95. Cardigan, 16.35. Jewell sponsored with American Wool Co. Inc.

ALWAYS  
VERGIN  
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With one quick piece of magic you can conjure up a six-passenger sports car that looks just like a 1962 Galaxie. No spells or charms are needed—just put down on the option list “Four-speed floor-shift transmission.” Ford does the rest with a husky full-size gearbox that has synchro even on Low gear, a positive Reverse lockout so you can never mistake that cog, and four close butter-smooth ratios beautifully fitted to the torque curve. For drivers who love to drive, nothing else fits more sweetly under the hand, nothing else gives such a tremendous range of passing gears, such positive engine braking or (let’s confess it) such a rewarding way to illustrate driving skill. We could talk about how this transforms mountain roads and so on but the useful thing to do is let your Ford Dealer give you a demonstration. If you’re an expert driver, he’ll have to pry your hand off that knob!



a division of  Motor Vehicle Group

# FORD V-8

# Old Grand-Dad

An advertisement for Old Grand-Dad bourbon. The background is a warm, golden-orange color. On the left, there is a white bust of an elderly man with a white beard and hair, wearing a white shirt and a dark bow tie. To the right of the bust is a small bottle of Old Grand-Dad 86 proof bourbon and its decorative gift box. In the center-right is a large, octagonal glass gift decanter filled with amber liquid. The decanter has a large, faceted stopper and a label that reads "OLD GRAND-DAD", "100 PROOF", "BOTTLED IN BOND", and "FOUR FIFTH QUART". A small sprig of dried leaves is at the bottom right of the decanter. The overall lighting is soft and warm, creating a festive holiday atmosphere.

No other gift says "BEST OF  
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This year you can give Old Grand-Dad, Kentucky's finest bourbon, in three beautiful holiday giftwraps. Select 100 proof bottled in bond either in its handsome Gift Decanter or regular bottle. Or choose Old Grand-Dad in the familiar bottle of lighter 86 proof. Each comes in its own gift package at no increase in price.

## HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



to wheedle some consideration out of the fickle gods of defeat—the football team had lost eight straight games. It was an idea thought up by the cheerleaders.

Apart from giggles and the screaming of chalk, complete quiet reigned on the "day of silence," from 8:00 in the morning till 2:30 in the afternoon. With the faculty quietly enthusiastic, communication in class was carried on by written notes and messages on blackboards. Some ingenious students wore signs with Yes, No and Hello written on them, pointing to the appropriate word as necessary.

Then, shortly after 2:30, the students' vocal cords were officially unleashed in a gigantic, blow-the-lid-off pressure cooker of a pep rally. The team immediately lost to Valley High School 21-6. Back, as they say, to the drawing board.

#### THE INSIDE TRACK

- Officials of the American Football League are about ready to shift the Oakland franchise to either Portland or Seattle for the 1962 season. Reason: poor attendance.
- Despite chances of a dull mismatch, the Floyd Patterson-Tom McNeely fight scheduled for Toronto on December 4 is selling tickets (\$50, \$30, \$20) at the rate of \$1,000 a day. Reason: much Canadian expense account money has been set aside for the December 2 Grey Cup football game, and many corporations are allowing their executives to stay over to entertain clients at the fight.
- Mississippi already has accepted a bid to play in the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day at Dallas. School officials will not make the announcement public until after the team's last regular-season game on December 2.

#### ADIOS, ADIOS BUTLER

"Come on he-yuh," growled the old caretaker indulgently as he hatched Adios Butler to a sulky. The world's fastest harness racer obediently stood still. A little later, snorting plumes of vapor in the frosty night air at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, the Butler won his last race—the National Pacing Derby. There was a polite sputter of applause, that was all. The absence of any deep emotion was understandable, for he somehow is almost totally lacking in charisma, the thing that made people jump for Whirlaway and JFK. Fans respected

*continued*



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The shaver with  
3 real blades  
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"After Shave" Test!



1. **THE MAN:** Interviewer stops attorney, Byron C. Ostby, bright and early, outside the state capitol building in Madison, Wisconsin.



2. **THE TEST:** Ostby points out that he shaved at home one hour ago, but agrees to try again with a brand new Sunbeam Shavemaster shaver.



An actual unadvertised test. Demonstration on request.

3. **THE PROOF:** Interviewer opens shaver head and brushes beard into circle on paper—the beard that Byron Ostby's own razor missed!



4. **"NO QUESTION ABOUT IT!"** It definitely got more beard," says Ostby, immediately following his Sunbeam "After Shave" Test.



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When you taste the beer behind this famous shape you'll recognize the *taste* of a great beer, and that's a lot more important.

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#### SCORECARD *continued*

his greatness, but they did not love him. Perhaps this was because Adios Butler was so damn good. He usually went to the front, accelerated in the stretch and simply outpaced the others. There was seldom any sense of struggle.

Furthermore, so much publicity was given his financial affairs that it was easy to think of him as Adios Butler, Inc., the money machine. Syndicate value: \$600,000. Race winnings: \$509,844. Stud fee as he begins service: a reported \$3,000, a record for a newcomer. Those figures inspire awe but not affection. The machine for racing now becomes a machine for reproduction.

There is a man, though, who loved the Butler with all his heart—that caretaker, Sylvanus Henry. Said Henry, Saturday, as the horse left his meticulous hands: "I will miss him greatly."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Tom McNettley, heavyweight contender against Floyd Patterson: "I hope the 10-to-1 odds against me hold; my friends will make a killing."
- Ari Lave, coach of Kenyon College football team, at a Columbus Kiwanis meeting: "An alumnus said, 'Coach, here's a boy who can play at Kenyon.' I looked him in the eye and said: 'We've got too many boys now who can play at Kenyon; what we need are boys who can play at Ohio State.'"
- Norm Cash, Detroit Tiger first baseman, after an airplane he was flying in lost one of its two engines and was welcomed by two fire trucks and an ambulance: "The next time I come to Dallas, I'm gonna ride my horse."
- Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb of the Pittsburgh Steelers, guest at the Cleveland Touchdown Club, on pro football line play: "When a man mess with me, I just politely tell him, 'All right, Jack, don't do that no more.' And most fellers listen. For those who don't, I smack my hand flat against the earhole of their helmets. In this game a feller sort of works out his own problems."
- Halfback Lance Alworth of Arkansas, answering an old grad who suggested that the Texas players who beat Arkansas looked beat up: "If they were, it was self-inflicted."
- Cleveland Pitcher Dock Donovan on hearing he finished second in the voting for AL Comeback Player of the Year award: "There must be some mistake; I've never been away."

END

# The Gas-saving "4" with Pontiac Punch!



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# THE RIGHT TO BE FIRST

Green Bay and New York look more and more like ultimate claimants to the national championship, but Detroit and Philadelphia are far from being counted out of the race

by **TEX MAULE**

**I**n the biggest Sunday of the pro football season so far, the Green Bay Packers and the New York Giants proved conclusively their right to first place in their respective divisions. Curiously, their games with the Chicago Bears and the Philadelphia Eagles were decided quickly; both the Packers and the Giants took charge in the first halves with highly spectacular offensives.

In Chicago, Wrigley Field was packed. The tickets had been sold long before gametime, and ushers with megaphones stood outside announcing that no tickets

*continued*

**PAUL HORNUNG**, about to enter service, was Packers' highest runner against Bears. Photographs by Marvin Newman



**TAKING DEAD AIM** 250-pound Packer Running Guard Fred Thurston (63) snows in for block on Bears' J.C. Caroline.

#### RIGHT TO BE FIRST *continued*

were available. Inside, there was the usual Bear crowd, noisy, obstreperous, but also informed. A victory in this game would tie the Bears with the Packers in the league standings. When Billy Wade hit Mike Ditka early in the game with a beautifully thrown 47-yard touchdown pass, it seemed likely that the Bears would, indeed, do just that.

But Green Bay is precisely the kind of team that can beat the Bears. The Packers' strong offensive line, blocking effectively against the jitterbugging Bear defense, immediately began opening holes for Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung, and within minutes the Packers had tied the score. Although Hornung and Taylor were making the five- and six-yard gains that controlled the ball, the unemotional direction of Quarterback Bart Starr was the decisive factor.

In the first game between these two teams this season—in Green Bay—Starr had taken a beating. Early in that game the Bears' powerful middle linebacker, Bill George, dropped Starr with a high tackle, bloodying his mouth. While the Packer quarterback lay on the ground, George smiled down at him and said, "You'll get a lot of that today, Bart. On every play." Starr, who ordinarily does not use profanity, called George a number of predictable things. Then he spit out the blood, trotted back to the Green Bay huddle and led the Packers to a 24-0 victory.

#### Some cast, new setting

Sunday, Starr again faced George across the line. The defense set up by Clark Shaughnessy, the Bear defensive coach, had the middle guard playing head on the center a good deal of the time, in position to drive in on the quarterback. Starr took advantage of the situation. He called traps and wedges up the middle all during the first half, using George's own strength to defeat him.

The first Packer touchdown came after Starr had fired Taylor into the line, underlining the threat of the Green Bay running game in order to discourage George, or the other Bear linebackers, from rushing the passer. On the next play Starr again sent Taylor straight in, but this time he kept the ball himself. He found Ron Kramer, the massive Green Bay end, far downfield with a pass that wobbled in the air but dropped precisely into Kramer's hands for a 53-yard touchdown.

In the second quarter, Starr established almost complete domination over the Bears. Using the very powerful running of Paul Hornung (playing his last game with the Packers before entering military service) and throwing once in a while to keep the Bear defense from ganging up in the middle, he got three touchdowns for Green Bay. During this quarter the Packers played virtually perfect football; they discovered a soft spot in the Bear secondary, and twice Starr passed into it for Packer touchdowns. Shaughnessy finally made a substitution in his deep backs but, unfortunately for the Bears, it was already too late, although the Packers were to suffer some anxious moments later on.

#### A sudden letdown

"I was this high off the ground when I went into the dressing room at the half," said Dan Currie, the Green Bay corner linebacker. He held his hand high over his head. "Then I sat down and, for some reason or other, I went flat. I guess everybody went flat. I don't know why. It's one of those things that happen to a ball club. We were pretty fired up for this game. Up until last week, we were riding pretty high. Guys would come up to you on the street and slap you on the back and say, 'Great game, fellow,' things like that. I guess we got pretty self-satisfied. Then the Colts whipped us."

The atmosphere in Green Bay after the Colt loss was not nearly so friendly.

"I guess we needed that," Currie said. "It got us keyed up again. That's what carried over into the first half today against the Bears."

The game changed completely after the half. The Bears, who had been disorganized and inept in the first half, began to gather momentum, and the key to the Bear revival was the big rookie end from Pittsburgh, Ditka. Ditka was the Bears' first draft choice this year; seldom has a club chosen more wisely.

He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, and he weighs 230 pounds. He played a spread most of the afternoon, separated from the tackle by some five or six yards. This put him far enough out to prevent a linebacker from playing him head on and holding him up at the line of scrimmage. When he got into the secondary, he moved like a halfback. He caught nine passes for 190 yards, and he scored three touchdowns.

"They didn't do anything different in the second half," one of the Packer as-

*continued*



**IN NEW YORK THE YEAR'S  
ODDEST PLAY BEGINS AS ROTE REACHES  
FOR TOUCHDOWN PASS...**

sistant coaches said. "They just began holding onto the ball."

Even so, it was a 51-yard field goal by Paul Hornung that started the scoring in the second half. The field goal—and the general excellence of Hornung's play all day—makes it clear that his loss will be a severe blow to the Packers in the final five games of the year. Hornung's replacement—Tom Moore—played well, but Hornung does many things for this team that Moore cannot do.

Wade, who had had considerable difficulty moving the Bears during the first half, moved them easily in the second. On the drive following Hornung's field goal, he ran once, catching the Packer defense out of position and gaining 14 yards. Then, almost casually, he passed 15 yards to Ditka for a touchdown. This was on a pass pattern that the Eagles

had denied Ditka the week before. The bag end went straight downfield, then cut sharply to his left, and the ball found him on the goal line with no one near.

The Bear defenses, which had been solved easily enough by Starr in the first half, had been adjusted slightly during the intermission. No longer did Hornung and Taylor find running room inside the tackles and, time and again, Bear linebackers or ends broke through to harry Starr. The Packers, unable to generate any kind of drive, gave up the ball to the Bears as the fourth period started.

#### Strange but effective

Wade had a simple offensive philosophy now. When he needed yardage to keep the drive going, he threw to Ditka. In the drive that opened the fourth quarter, he moved his team with a deliberation that seemed strange, considering that the Bears trailed the Packers 31-14,

but the method was effective. He took nine plays and more than four minutes to get a touchdown, again passing to Ditka on that deep pattern up the middle, this time for 29 yards.

The Packers tried futilely to move the ball but, stopped by the Bears' suddenly complex defense patterns, were forced to punt again. The Bears, still moving with dreamlike slowness, came downfield. Now Wade mixed up his patterns, using Ditka for a decoy and throwing to another rookie, End John Farrington, and to his flanker back, Johnny Morris. With fourth down and nine on the Green Bay 35-yard line, the Packer defenders doubled up on Ditka. Wade hit Farrington for the first down.

"I thought that was the biggest play of the year," Packer Coach Vince Lombardi said later. "I figured we'd blown the game when they got that. I didn't think we'd be able to hold them." This

Photo by Bill G. Hall for AP



... AND BALL GETS AWAY, setting off a blizzards sequence. Play, which occurred on the Giants' first series of downs against the Philadelphia Eagles in New York, began when Quarterback Y.A. Little threw to Rolle near goal line. Defensive Halfback Jimmy Carr batted the ball



time Wade got the touchdown by faking the pass and handing off to Rick Casares, who drove nine yards.

The Bears, trailing 31-28, had one more chance to win the game. They got the ball for the last time on their own 36-yard line with something over a minute to play.

#### A private conversation

"When I went out on the field for their last series, I said 'No, no' to myself," Currie said after the game. "I didn't see how we could lose the game after being ahead so far."

Wade had no time in that last, small flurry. The Packer line harassed him, and he completed only one pass, a throw behind the line of scrimmage to a flanker back who was dropped immediately by Currie for a six-yard loss.

The victory put Green Bay a game and a half ahead in the Western Division,

a cushion the club sorely needs, for in the next five weeks the Packers will face the toughest part of their schedule. They meet Los Angeles in Green Bay this Sunday and must play the Detroit Lions, who now appear to be their strongest adversaries, four days later on Thanksgiving Day in Detroit. After that come the New York Giants in Milwaukee and the San Francisco 49ers and the shotgun in California.

Their game-and-a-half lead could melt away very quickly. This would be so even if the Packers were not losing three of their best players to service. Boyd Dowler, their very capable offensive end, goes next week. Ray Nitschke, the strong middle linebacker, who has been on active duty for two weeks, flew in for Sunday's game but cannot be counted on later. And then there is Horning. Horning's field goal was, finally, the difference between the Packers and the Bears. For

the rest of the season, there will be no Horning to kick 51-yard field goals.

Although their victory over Philadelphia raised them only to a tie for the Eastern Division lead, the Giants appear a stronger choice for champions of their division than the Packers are in the West. This is a Giant team that has developed slowly as Alie Sherman assimilated new personnel (see page 24) into both the offensive and defensive units. With successive big-score victories over Washington and Philadelphia, the Giants seem to have hit their stride.

And the Eagles, who might have been able to repeat as champions, must play the strongest part of their schedule without the one irreplaceable man in their secondary defense—Tom Brookshier.

The Giant-Packer game in Milwaukee might easily be a preview of the championship game.

BY NED

over the hands of the leaping Rote and into the arms of Eagle teammate Don Burroughs (45). Rote hit Burroughs, the ball squirmed into the air and was grabbed by the Giants' Del Shester (85), who then spun five

yards into the end zone for game's first score. The Giants made two more touchdowns and a field goal in the first half to begin a 38-21 rout of the Eagles that left the team tied for first place in NFL's Eastern Division.



# THE KRAMER CUP

**N**ovember is springtime in South Africa, and spring is a time for tennis. That, anyway, is how the International Professional Tennis Players Association reckoned last year when it decided to hold the finals of the Kramer Cup in Johannesburg. As it turned out, however, the pros knew more about tennis than they did about South African weather.

Named in honor of the man who hates them all, the Kramer Cup is the professionals' answer to the amateurs' Davis Cup, and the pros who play for it (in this case for expenses only) hope that

someday, when the tennis picture gets less clouded, it will supplant the Davis Cup as the supreme trophy. Someday, perhaps, that hope will be justified, but—thanks largely to South Africa's thoroughly clouded weather—the day was not last week.

After a brisk and successful semifinal round in sunny Barcelona a month earlier, a round in which America and Australia emerged as the finalists, the Kramer Cup reached the southern tip of the African continent just as the worst drought in 70 years came to a chill, dank

and soggy end. Some 4,000 South African fans braved the cold to watch the first-night matches in Ellis Park stadium, but no sooner had gangling Barry MacKay (representing America) and sturdy Lew Hoad (representing Australia) begun their first rally than the drizzle started. Like good pros, the Aussie and the American ignored the weather and kept hanging away for 40 minutes or more. Then the rain started pelting so hard they had to quit. The crowd held their seats, and 40 minutes later the rain stopped. Ground crews promptly went to work



# RUNNETH ALL OVER THE COURT

with the stadium's newest and proudest acquisition—a water-sucking vacuum cleaner. Thirsty as it was, however, the vacuum couldn't devour all the water that lay on the special "all-weather" court.

As the ranks of impatient spectators began to thin, one of the officials had a sudden inspiration. Grabbing a microphone, he issued a plea to everyone in the stands with a pocket handkerchief. If, he begged, each man would just mop three square inches they would soon have the whole court dry. Within seconds 400 or more tennis fans were on their hands

and knees mopping industriously. Ten minutes later the court was dust-dry—and then it began to rain again.

After that everyone called it quits for the night. During the next two days rain threatened but somehow held off. In five matches of sometimes superb tennis, the Australian team of Hoad and Rosewall defeated the Americans—Trabert, Buchholz and MacKay (Pancho Gonzales finally *did* retire)—to become the first winners of the Kramer Cup. But after the Big Mop-up of the first night it seemed almost an anticlimax. **END**

The final matches of what may someday be world tennis' most important championship found a damp reception in South Africa

by HERMAN NICKEL



**WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE** but fortunately plenty of volunteers to sop it away from Contestant Lew Hoad's racket handle (above) and the rain-drenched center court at Johannesburg's Ellis Park stadium (left)

Photographs by Tim O'Sullivan



#### **Early in the race**

Kebo, on the outside, led T.V. Lark just ahead of the field (above). Then the pair drew ahead of the six other horses (right).



**For the rest of the route,** as T.V. Lark pulled even and ahead, it was strictly a two-horse battle (right), with T.V. Lark the winner by three-quarters of a length.



## **Dialogue**





*Photograph © Bob Schiller*

## in a Duel

Last week's big race at Laurel, Md. was billed as "The Washington D.C. International," but from the moment the foreign-type barrier was lifted, it proved a duel to the death between two Americans. Kelso, the favorite, with Eddie Arcaro up, and T.V. Lark, with Johnny Longden riding, galloped so close together all the way that the jockeys on their backs enjoyed a quiet chat. "Are you all right?" Arcaro asked his friend and rival as he led him in the backstretch by a head. "I'm just fine," answered Longden and went on to win the race.



# Farewell with a Flourish

A few hours after flat racing's favorite, Kelso, had felled his fans at Laurel's International, harness racing's alltime champion, Adios Butler, made a memorable win of his farewell pace. Bidding adieu to competition in Roosevelt Raceway's \$50,000 National Pacing Derby, the sport's fastest horse (No. 8) seemed for a moment to be threatened from the rear. Then Driver Eddie Cobb rattled the sulky shaft to remind the champion of his proud position, and the great pacer responded with a surge of speed. It carried him over the wire in time to match a track record and to set up a new total of \$500,000 earned for his owners.

*Photograph by Neil Leifer*





A GAGGLE OF VENERABLE GAS BUGGIES, ALL BUILT BEFORE 1926, HAUGHTILY PASS BIG BEN IN THE LONDON-TO-BRIGHTON RUN

## Big Ben to St. Basil



TWO OF RUSSIA'S BURGEONING CADRE OF 80 RACING AUTOMOBILES GLISTEN IN FRONT OF MOSCOW'S ST. BASIL'S CATHEDRAL

Knowing there'll always be an England while there's a country lane and an antique car to run along it, 2 million Britons last week turned out to watch the annual parade of ancient cars from London to Brighton (they are shown here crossing Westminster Bridge). In Moscow's Red Square, however, Russian drivers were looking to a triumphant future at a public unveiling of homemade Soviet racing cars.



WELLINGTON MARA, NOW THE VICE-PRESIDENT, IS SON OF GIANTS' FOUNDER

## A SUCCESSFUL TRADER IN GIANTS

New York's football pros again are championship contenders,  
and one of the men chiefly responsible is Wellington  
Mara, who has bartered for most of his team's best players

by **TEX MAULE**

On any Sunday afternoon in Yankee Stadium—or in any of the other fields where the pro football teams of the National Football League play—it is a certainty that if the New York Giants win, it won't be with draft choices. Few of the Giants' recent stars came directly from the colleges. Not that their draft choices have been bad; they haven't. But over the years New York's real strength has resided in a series of exceptionally intelligent trades.

Most people have forgotten by now, but the gray old man who has led the Giants since almost the beginning of time came to the Giants in a trade. Char-

lie Conerly was the 11th draft choice of the Washington Redskins in 1945. The Giants, sorely in need of someone who could throw a pass inside a barn and hit the wall—any wall—gave the Redskins a defensive back, Howie Livingston, and a fullback, Pete Stout, for Conerly. Both Livingston and Stout performed adequately for the "Skins for a couple of years; Conerly led the Giants to three Eastern Conference titles and one national championship in 13 years. He still propels his creaking bones onto the playing field to win games for them.

The Conerly trade was the first of the big ones in the period immediately after

World War II. It proved typical of the many the club would make in succeeding years. The most recent also involved a quarterback—bald Y. A. Tittle (see cover). The Giants got him from the San Francisco 49ers for a combination of offensive-defensive lineman named Lou Cordileone, who may have to go into service after this season. Tittle, at 34, could be around for a long time. If the armed forces draft him, nobody is safe.

The man behind most of the trades that have built the Giants into a permanent contender for the Eastern Conference championship of the National Football League is a quiet, almost neurotically self-effacing man named Wellington Mara. Wellington ("Most people have forgotten, but the Duke of Wellington was the fightingest of all Irishmen, and that's why my dad named me after him") never played football himself. He was graduated from Fordham University in the same class with Vince Lombardi, the present coach of the Green Bay Packers, who was one of the Seven Blocks of Granite on the 1936 Fordham team. Wellington was more of a chip than a block; when he had finished college, his father, the late Timothy Mara, a onetime bookmaker who founded the Giants in 1925, urged him to go to law school, but Wellington wanted to hang around the Giants for a year, and his father let him.

"I spent all my time with the players and coaches," Wellington says today. "The players used to call me 'Duke' because of my name. I watched game movies and sat in on team meetings and at that time I knew every assignment on the team, offense or defense. I don't have time to do that anymore. And I'm not that close to the players, either. They call me Mr. Mara now," he says wistfully.

Wellington Mara never got to law school. Along with his brother Jack, who joined the Giants eight years before him and is now the club's president, he has spent his entire adult life around the team, assimilating along the way a considerable knowledge of pro football, most of it learned from Giant coaches.

Although Wellington goes to considerable trouble to deny this, he is the man who initiated most of the trades that have developed the Giants. Sixteen of the 36 players on the Giant squad today came from trades; more than that, most of the 16 are key men.

On the defensive team these players came as the result of astute barter: Andy Robustelli, All-Pro defensive end; Dick

continues on p. 26



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Lynch and Dick Nolan, key defensive halfbacks; Dick Modzelewski, most underrated defensive tackle in the league; and Tom Scott, who replaced another tradee, Harland Sware, as corner line-backer. Sware, an ex-Ram, is now the defensive coach for the Giants.

The Tittle trade was not the only offensive success this fall. At about the same time Mara made a deal that brought End Del Shofner, Tittle's and Conerly's best target, from the Los Angeles Rams. "The Shofner deal came up very suddenly," Mara said the other day. "Some deals—like the one we made with the Redskins for Joe Walton and Jim Podoley—take months to work out."

But Shofner, for one reason or another, presented a real problem to the Giant trading committee, which consists of Mara, Jim Lee Howell, chief talent scout and former head coach of the Giants, and the Giant coaches.

"Del had had two great years with the Rams," Mara said. "And he fitted a need of ours precisely. We wanted an end who could go deep to catch passes, and for two years Del had been able to do that. But in 1960 he caught only 12 passes for the Rams and scored only one touchdown. In 1958 he caught 51 for 1,097 yards, and in 1959 he got 47 for 936. We had to know whether he would play back to his 1958 and 1959 forms or would have another year like 1960."

#### Sounding board

As they always do when presented with a possible trade, Mara and the Giant coaches meticulously sounded out Giant players and coaches who had played against Shofner. Lynch, acquired from the Redskins, had faced Shofner three times. "I couldn't cover him man on man in 1958 or 1959," Lynch said. "I couldn't cover him in 1960 either. He's as good as he ever was."

Tittle, just in from the 49ers, had looked at Shofner three times in each previous season. He had also played with Shofner in Pro Bowl games. Said Tittle: "I talked to him at the Pro Bowl game and, as far as I know, he dropped a couple of passes against the 49ers early last year, and the club lost confidence in him. Then he lost confidence in himself and they put him on the bench. He had a series of muscle pulls, too. But he is as good as he ever was."

"We were still doubtful," Mara says. "But you've got to take a chance. You

can't think the guy I'm giving up may come back and beat me. If Shofner played back to his '58 and '59 form we wanted him badly. And we trust our people. So we traded the Rams a first and second draft choice—in different years—for Del."

So far this season Shofner has caught 46 passes for 722 yards and eight touchdowns. At 26, he appears capable of providing the Giants with a truly topflight offensive end for at least the next five years. It is very doubtful that the Rams, even with two high draft choices, can

Khayat, who had ulcers and was not expected to play. We had a good rookie place kicker in Alan Green. We contacted the Cowboys to find out what they wanted for Dugan and they wanted a place kicker."

The Giants traded Green and a draft choice for Dugan, which left them almost exactly where they had been before. Mara knew that Owner George Halas of the Bears wanted Whitsell, the defensive halfback obtained from the Vikings, and he knew, too, that Halas had a good new extra-point man coming up



PRIZE TRADEES TITTLE (LEFT), CONERLY DISCUSS STRATEGY ON GIANT BENCH

come up with as capable a pro football performer as Shofner.

More complicated than the Shofner deal and more the rule in NFL trades was the intricate maneuvering that brought End Walton and Halfback Podoley from the Redskins. Negotiations began a year ago in December and were not completed until July. The Giants wanted a good tight end to replace Bob Schneider, who had gone to the Minnesota Vikings along with Mel Triplett and Bob Schmidt, for the Vikings' Zeke Smith and Dave Whitsell. They wanted Podoley specifically to give them speed from flanker back.

"The Redskins wanted an end named Fred Dugan, who was with the Dallas Cowboys," Mara said. "They also needed a good place kicker to replace Bob

in Roger Leclerc and a substitute for Leclerc in John Aveni. So the Giants traded Whitsell for Aveni, then sent Aveni, Dugan, a draftee and End Gene Cronin to the Redskins for Walton and Podoley and a draft choice.

"The deal worked pretty well for everybody," Mara says. "But Green did come back and beat us a few weeks ago with a 32-yard field goal in the last few minutes. That was the 17-16 Dallas game."

The trade that brought Tittle to the Giants from the 49ers was simple but advantageous for both teams. "We had too big a gap between Conerly and Lee Grosscup," Mara said. "You can't expect Charlie, at his age [40], to play 14 games in a season, and Grosscup isn't ready to take over yet. We needed someone to fill in that gap. You don't go

*continued*

to another owner and say, "We want so-and-so." What you do is say, "You can't use four quarterbacks. Who do you want to trade?"

San Francisco, of course, had four quarterbacks and, more to the point, Coach Red Hickey was committed to the shotgun offense, a formation not well suited to the elderly Tittle. When Mara asked, "Who do you want to trade?" Hickey nominated Tittle, the man the Giants were looking for all along.

"Here was a 34-year-old quarterback," Mara says. "But we knew he would be a top hand for us. He's been in the league a long time and he knows defenses and he would fit in with our club real well. The 49ers were looking for young line-men and we had Lou Cordileone to offer them. They took him. When we told him about the trade, Lou, a rookie, looked surprised and said, 'What! Me even for Tittle!' But it was a good trade. They couldn't use Tittle and we've got young players coming fast at Cordileone's position."

Cordileone plays the third offensive guard for the 49ers and he is the fifth man—behind the first four, tackle to tackle—that the 49ers substitute on defense.

As you might expect from the scope of the Giant trading, the New York team does not place as strong an emphasis on scouting player talent as do such clubs as the Rams and the 49ers. "They have a web of scouts among assistant college coaches throughout the country," Mara says. "They probably get a lot more information on more players than we do. We depend a whole lot on the word of people we trust, like Al DeRogatis."

DeRogatis, a former Giant tackle, works with Howell in the player scouting

department of the Giants. He is a keen and observant student of what it takes to make a good pro football player.

"I remember when Sam Huff came up in the draft," Mara said. "There were four real good tackles available that year. We looked at Sam and he wasn't fast enough to be a good offensive guard or big enough to be a good defensive tackle. We didn't consider him as a line-backer, to tell the truth."

One of the other players was Bruce Bosley, who later played offensive guard for the 49ers.

"Bosley, in his senior year of college, looked better than Huff," Mara said. "But DeRogatis said to go with Huff, and we did. DeRogatis pointed out that Bosley was mature and had probably played right up to his maximum as a senior in college. Huff, on the other hand, had not matured yet. DeRogatis expected him to improve after he came into pro ball, and that's just exactly what happened. I'd rather have the opinion of one man like DeRogatis, who knows what the Giants want and knows what a player can develop into, than have a slew of scouts touring the country."

The Giants often trade on the assumption that they will be able to develop the potential of a player.

Mara claims that he does only the leg-work for the Giants in trades. "I ask the coaches what they need and it is my responsibility to know where it is available," he says. "We keep a pretty good book on all the players in the league. We get a good part of it from reports from our own players on their opponent in each game. We got Dick Modzelewski that way. He came to us in 1956 from Pittsburgh via Detroit in a four-player deal which also involved Dick Alban, Ray Krouse and Dick Stanfel. We wanted Modzelewski because our player reports rated him as the best defensive

tackle we had faced that year. We found out later that Pittsburgh was willing to give him up because, when they looked at the movies, they figured the only good games he had played were against us."

The Giants have, of course, made mistakes. Probably the most egregious of recent years was the decision to let Buddy Dial, an offensive end from Rice, go to Pittsburgh, in favor of keeping Joe Biscacha, an offensive end from the University of Richmond. Biscacha played only briefly with the Giants. Dial has gone on to become one of the four or five best pass catchers in the NFL.

"We just blew that one," Mara says philosophically. "We made a mistake. But we got Dial late from the All-Star football game and Biscacha had spent the whole training camp with us. He had looked good and we thought he was a better player."

#### A mountain of an error

Not too many years ago the Giants traded for a mountainous inside line-man, whom they now prefer not to name. He had played well the year before, but had foot trouble for the entire year after coming to the Giants, played very poorly and forthwith was traded to the Chicago Cardinals. He got treatment for his sore feet and returned to haunt the Giants for two more years.

But, over the years, the Giant trades have paid off far more often than they have fizzled. Dan Reeves, one of the embattled owners of the Los Angeles Rams, a team decimated by disastrous trades, calls Wellington Mara "Pretzel." "He twists and turns but he always comes up with a good trade," says Reeves. Duke Wellington may squirm at such praise, but Reeves and the other NFL owners know him for what he is—a good horse trader who doesn't happen to be trading horses.

END



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Illustration by Nelson Amano



## LEGACY OF THE BOUNTY

BY GILBERT WHEAT

*In November of a year-long voyage through the South Pacific, Author Gilbert Wheat and five others—Co-captain Hank Taft, Crewmen Dick Sargent, Juanita Bugueño, Jack Smith and Eduard Ingris—left Tahiti aboard the ketch "Blue Sea." Their destination, 1,200 miles to the southeast, was Pitcairn Island, a forbidding mound of rock inhabited by 150 persons, most of them descended from the men who seized and destroyed history's most famous ship, H.M.S. "Bounty." There is no harbor on Pitcairn, no dock, no hotel, not even a store; yet for 170 years this tiny island has supported an independent and—surprisingly—puritanical community. On page 45 Wheat begins the story of his visit with these fascinating people, the true inheritors of the mutiny on the "Bounty."*

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# SECRETS OF PITCAIRN

**I**t was early in December when we sighted Pitcairn Island. An east wind was blowing, a heavy sea was running, but the weather was warm and clear. On the horizon a dark mound of volcanic rock and vegetation jutted from the sea—a lonely landfall, as if nature had deliberately chosen the most deserted part of the South Pacific and dropped an island on it. We sailed in close to the northeast tip of the island and heaved to off a dent in the rock called Bounty Bay—300 yards from the spot where His Majesty's armed vessel *Bounty* was burned and abandoned in 1790 by Fletcher Christian and his mutineers.

A wisp of smoke rose from the cliffs—a signal that we had been seen. Through binoculars we watched eight or nine men wrestle a longboat down a log ramp and into the shallows of Bounty Bay. A diesel engine began popping, and the boat bucked its way through the surf. A man at the tiller brought it smartly alongside *Blue Sea*. The Pitcairn men hailed our yacht by the name on the stern: "Ahoy *Blue Sea*! Welcome to PLETKem!"

The men in the boat appeared to range in age from 16 to 60. Their faces were swarthy and tanned from the sun. They leaped aboard with agility and shook hands as if we were old friends. One of them stationed himself behind our steering wheel. He pointed toward the wild stretch of ocean separating us from Bounty Bay. "Start the engine and we'll put you right over there. . . . Seven fathoms, sand bottom."

The longboat led us to the anchorage, the man at the tiller turning suddenly to wave at us and yell, "Now, mates!" Our pilot swung *Blue Sea* into the wind, the anchor rattled down, and for better or worse we were rooted to the ocean floor off Pitcairn, ready to go ashore.

Hank and I decided that at least three of us would have to remain aboard at all times. Hank took Dick Sargent and Juanito Bugueño in his group, and I took Jack Smith and Eduard Ingris in

mine. It was agreed each group could spend 24 hours ashore. My group won the toss to go first, and a moment later the longboat carried us plunging through the waves toward the island.

The longboat captain stood in the stern with the tiller wrapped under his arm. I called to him above the roar of the engine: "What happens when we get past the breaker line?"

"Safe enough then, Mate!" he shouted back. "That's the bay inside. We jump overboard where it's shallow and get everything out of the boat. Then we pull the rudder off and haul her up those wooden rollers."

We were close enough now to see the wooden rollers and beyond them a series of wooden boathouses with the white hulls of other longboats inside. The helmsman grasped the tiller with both hands. He squinted at each breaker with a practiced eye. Long oars were fitted to those pins; the man on the diesel stood ready to push the throttle forward. The Pitcairn crew faced aft, ours posed, eyes fixed on the helmsman's face. For a moment we hung motionless, then a breaker curled in from astern. The skipper shouted: "Gang na! . . . pull left da! pull ri!" The diesel raced at full, the left oars pulled, the right oars pulled, and we plained and skidded through the foam.

Suddenly it was over. The boat swirled into a patch of calm water, nosed gently onto a gravel beach, and everyone jumped overboard. I managed to land on the beach without even getting my feet wet; the boat crew dismantled the rudder and pushed the boat around to align it with the rollers. An elderly man came briskly up the beach and introduced himself as Theo Young, a direct descendant of Midshipman Young, an officer on the *Bounty*. Theo wore a sailor hat and a tiny pair of rimless glasses. His feet were tough and brown from no shoes.

"Stay at my place, Cap," he said. "Plenty food, clean bed. . . . Stay as long as you please."

I thanked him, and he led me at once up the steep path to Adamstown, the island's only settlement. Following behind us was Jack Smith with his new host, John Christian (descended from Fletcher Christian), the island magistrate, and next came Eduard Ingris, adopted by Herman Schubert, the schoolmaster. The procession grew. A jaunty little man clapped me on the back. His grin revealed no front teeth.

"This here is Morris," said Theo. "Morris Christian."

Morris pumped my hand. "O.K., Cap!" he said.

Morris wore blue jeans and a Boy Scout shirt from Redwood City, California. In his breast pocket he sported a row of neatly sharpened pencils. Theo noticed my surprise over the shirt.

"We get duds from America," Theo said. "The Seventh-day Adventists send so much we got a bag for you to take to Easter Island if you going there."

The procession continued up the path. After a climb of about 300 feet, we reached a plateau known simply as The Edge. Old people and children were sitting on a long bench. As we neared the bench, two spare, muscular old men rose to greet us. They were Parkin Christian and his brother, Fred, both 77, and the oldest men on the island. Their faces had the handsome brown coloring we had seen in the natives of Tahiti. Parkin and Fred introduced us to the people on the bench, and we proceeded once more along the main street of Adamstown—a 10-foot-wide dirt path winding along the cliff edge, with wooden houses on either side. Fred pointed to the smooth-raked path.

"We sweep every Friday," he said. "Each man is responsible for the part in front of his own house. . . . Did they tell you about public work?"

"No," I said, "they haven't."  
"Well, from 7 in the morning till 2 in the afternoon, with an hour off for breakfast at 11, all the men do public

*continued*



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## BOUNTY

continued

work. . . . The town council decides what work to do."

"Our council," said Parkin, "means a magistrate, like John over there. He's on for three years. Then we have a chief of police—that's Floyd McCoy, the man who piloted your ship to anchor—and two assessors."

"And a chairman for internal affairs," Fred added. "When we ring the bell in the square, public work starts."

Theo Young's wife, Lila, and her two children, Nola and Bary, stood in the doorway of their simple wood house watching us come up the path. It was the first Lila knew about Theo bringing

turned with a bucket of water and a towel. "You'll want some fresh duds, too."

I came back to the kitchen still unshaven but clean. I wore Theo's pants, socks and a white shirt. The door opened and a man came in and sat at the table. He nodded to the Youngs and to me and spread jam on a piece of bread.

"Quite an event," he said quietly, "Blue Sea stopping at Peetkern."

"This is Virgil Christian," said Lila.

"Virgil lives next door."

"He lost his wife," Theo explained, "so he eats with us now."

No wife, no cooking. Why not eat next door?

Nola brought fresh pineapples to the table, tomatoes and a platter of chicken.



home a guest. Everything, however, seemed prearranged. Jack walked on with John Christian to his house and Edward walked on with Herman Schubert toward the schoolhouse.

Once in Lila's kitchen, Theo thought I should be fed.

"The Cap's been on canned stuff since Tahiti," he told Lila.

Lila nodded and began to boil potatoes and fry bananas over a wood-fire stove. Nola set the table, and Theo beckoned me out to the back door.

"Come and get a wash down," he said. "Wait in the bathhouse and I'll get hot water."

He closed me in a wooden hut and re-

She was about 15, with dark hair and eyes; strongly Tahitian in appearance. Bury, about 4 years old, had English features and blond hair.

Lila kept on cooking. Nola brought fried fish, homemade bread, rice pudding and an enormous bowl of hot chocolate.

"Will you have some fried eggs?" Lila asked me. I hadn't seen an egg for days, but I had to turn down more food.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" I said. So far I had seen no one do it.

"Sure, sure!" said Theo. "Now look, Cap, we have no use for tobacco on the island, but you do us you please."

"Let him smoke if he wants to," Lila said mildly.

continued



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"I don't see why not," said Virgil. "He doesn't live here."

I soon realized I was among people living by a code of conduct stricter than any I had ever seen. The islanders have no use for alcohol either, or any kind of stimulating drinks including coffee and tea. When the Seventh-day Adventists brought their religion to Pitcairn in 1886, the people adopted it wholeheartedly. Those who had been Church of England changed over, and since that time there has never been any other religious influence on the island.

The word of their church is law; so are the rulings of the town council. There is an island jail. But, according to Parkin Christian, citizens are sent in there only to sweep it out. No one I talked to could recall a major crime.

All around me were the objects of civilized life: gramophones, musical instruments, cameras, machinery, tools. Some people had more than others, but the line between the haves and the have-nots was thin. An obvious question was: "How does Pitcairn pay for these things and who brings them?"

"You see the longboats, Cap.," said Theo. "When we know a ship's going to make a courtesy stop off Bounty Bay we ring the bell in the square. Then we get in the boats and go out to meet her."

Only steamships operating on the New Zealand-Panama-England routes find themselves anywhere near Pitcairn. When weather conditions permit, they stop for a while. Then, the longboats of Pitcairn are loaded with fresh fruit—pineapples, oranges, bananas, coconuts—and with tiny wheelbarrows, flying fish and turtles carved from hard, reddish mero wood. Sometimes, on the way out, the longboats capsize, but usually, a quarter of a mile out at sea, the longboats dance sturdily and dry, as the lee of the steamer. Over the side of the steamer goes a cargo net, and the men carry everything aboard for sale or barter.

Besides being Pitcairn's only business outlet, the steamer offers the only commercial means of getting on or off the island. Once in a while, when the longboats go out, a Pitcairn woman with a suitcase, wearing her best dress and flowered hat, will nimbly scale the net

and drop her luggage on deck. She is on her way to New Zealand to have her teeth fixed. The island radio has arranged for her berth. She will not stay in New Zealand long but will catch the first boat back and hope the weather at Pitcairn will allow the captain to stop. If not, she will go on to Panama and try for the island on the return trip.

**E**ach time a ship stops, too, mail is exchanged. John Christian may have a letter going to Auckland for a new harmonica; his wife, a letter going the other way to Sears Roebuck for eight yards of cloth. It may be six months before they receive answers. Deck hands from the steamer lower a bag of mail for the island into the longboat. The stenciled bag says simply: "Pitcairn, S.P.O. [South Pacific Ocean]."

After dinner I walked down the path to visit Floyd McCoy and his wife Violet. Floyd's house was one of the largest and best kept on the island, boasting even an indoor bathroom. His living room was filled with diverse objects collected over the years—parts of shipwrecks, presents from visitors, photographs that have resulted from his correspondence. Violet brought us ice cream made from powdered milk (no cows on Pitcairn) but, like most of the island wives, she seemed content to let her husband do the talking.

Floyd settled his lanky frame in an old armchair. "I'm four generations away from the *Bounty's* William McCoy," he said. "Will McCoy was a seaman under Christian. He left three children before his death, but I suppose he will be remembered mainly for his ability to distill a pretty potent liquor from the roots of the *ti* plant. He used one of the *Bounty's* kettles to catch the juice. I believe the kettle is now in a museum on Norfolk Island, north of New Zealand."

"Why Norfolk?"

"In 1856 the British government tried to move the Pitcairn colony to the island of Norfolk. It was a noble idea. They thought the living would be better, so a lot of our people got aboard the *Morayshire*, sent out from Sydney. But a lot of them came back; you just can't leave your home like that. There are 78 of our people on Norfolk now and 150 here."

*(continued)*



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# **BOUNTY** *continued*

McCoy took me into his ham radio shack. On the walls were radio call signs from hundreds of other operators.

"I go on the air Tuesday nights," he said. "I keep in contact with hams everywhere. Right now I'm saving my pennies for a trip to the States. Vi and I have never been, but I've made so many friends over the radio I'd sort of like to see who they are."

We went back to the living room, and I spent two hours going through Floyd's very complete library on Pitcairn history.

"Nobody did much recording during the first years after Christian's landing," Floyd said. "Very few diaries and notes were kept. But later the history was pieced together and now we have a good idea what happened."

History officially began for Pitcairn in 1790 when Fletcher Christian sailed the *Bounty* from Tahiti, searching for a deserted island. He had already relieved Captain Bligh of his command; working the vessel with Christian were a midshipman, a botanist's assistant and six seamen who had helped him in the mutiny. There were 18 other people aboard. These extra passengers were Tahitians—Tahitian men to act as servants; Tahitian women to perpetuate a new race.

After nine months of sailing, the black hump of Pitcairn appeared, and Christian sent his men ashore to make an exploration. Pitcairn is two and a half miles long and a mile wide. The cliffs of the island were surmounted by a plateau indented with valleys of rich soil. Be-

cause of its location south of the Tropic of Capricorn, Pitcairn is free of the heat and humidity of true tropical islands. The air is sharp and dry, the rainfall light and the temperature warm but never oppressive—in all, one of the most favorable weather spots on the globe.

The mutineers, however, knew little of these gifts of Providence before they landed. Once ashore, they discovered that the island was uninhabited. They found coconuts, breadfruit, bird's eggs, plantains, wild yams and fresh-water streams. Pitcairn's cliffs, descending into a turbulent ocean, would discourage whaling ships and men-of-war from exploration. Stands of miro wood and heavy vegetation would hide the family dwellings. Christian predicted, and rightly, that his island would not be rediscovered for many years.

The 90-foot *Bounty* was stripped of all useful items and burned in the shallows of Bounty Bay. The mutineers believed there could be no escape from Pitcairn.

The little colony of 27 men and women turned inward on the island, and for a year or two occupied themselves with the problems of sustaining life. Land was divided among the Englishmen, though harvests were shared. The Tahitians were given no land. Babies were born and shelters became more elaborate. Island rule was arbitrary and strict, with Fletcher Christian the recognized leader.

But arguments broke out over women and the division of land. Tahitian rose against Englishman. Murder and violence followed. Even the women participated in one final, terrible civil war that

*continued*



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brought about the death of Christian and ended with the slaughter of all adult island men except two mutineers, Edward Young and Alexander Smith, who had for some reason changed his name to John Adams. Eighteen years later, in 1808, when Captain Mayhew Folger of the American ship *Tygar* sent his launch ashore, he found only Adams, eight or nine women and several children on the island.

Adams stayed on the island with his small clan, working the soil and educating the children from a single book, the *Bounty's* Bible. Fletcher Christian left only one child, Thursday October, so named because he was born on a Thursday in October. According to Sir John Barrow, writing in 1831:

*Young Christian was, at this time, about 24 years of age, a fair tall youth, full six feet high with dark, almost black hair, and a countenance open and extremely interesting. At his waist no clothes except a piece of cloth wound his loins and a straw hat ornamented with black cock's feathers, his few figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage, and attracted general admiration. His body was much tanned by exposure to the weather, and his countenance had a brownish cast. . . . He was married to a woman much older than himself, one of those that accompanied his father from Otaheite [Tahiti]. . . . His manner, too, of speaking English was exceedingly pleasing, and correct both in grammar and pronunciation. His companion was a fine handsome youth of 17 or 18 years of age, of the name of George Young, son of Young the mulchman.*

Today Christian's surname leads all the rest; a fifth of the people claim lineage from him. He is described as ruggedly handsome, strong-willed, but given to melancholy. A thousand feet above sea level, a windy cavern in the cliffs is known as Christian's Cave, where supposedly the leader of the mutineers retired to brood. More practically, the cave made a good vantage point to scan the horizon for ships bringing the king's revenge, but none ever came in his lifetime.

"How did Christian die?" I asked Floyd.

"Well, some accounts say it was suicide; that he threw himself from a cliff. No trace of his body has ever been found. But most of us hang to the idea that he was killed by a Tahitian servant during the uprising—killed by a blow in the head while working in his yam plot."

Floyd found a flashlight and we stepped outside. Adamstown was dark, except for the glimmer of a few kerosene lamps and one or two bulbs burning electricity. There was no sound in the settlement but the night wind rustling in the palms and the muted roar of the ocean. Floyd's flashlight beam darted among the undergrowth behind his house, seeking out a small trail.

"Come on," he said, "I'd like to show you something."

**W**e entered a small shack set down the hill from the house. In the center of the floor was a diesel generator. "Electricity is a personal matter on Pitcairn," said Floyd. "I put this unit together."

He carefully oiled a few parts and turned it on. A bulb glowed dimly in the ceiling. "It's usually off unless we want lights to read by; or when I operate the transmitter, of course."

Near the generator was a workbench and I asked him about an elegantly carved flying fish, the wings attached to the body with brass screws.

"Most every man is a carver," Floyd said. "It's practically a duty for us to carve in our spare time."

I noticed a second fish, sanded and waxed, ready for its ride out to a steamer in the longboat. The fish were the same as others I had seen on the island. Apparently none of the carvers felt any need for a change in design.

"You might say we're in a rut, but they sell. Maybe if someone made a better shape and it sold better, we would all change. The flying fish were first carved in 1937, and the screws for the wings first used in 1957. It makes them easier to pack. You see, the wings come off, like this, for mailing."

That night I slept soundly in a back bedroom at the Youngs', awakened at dawn by chickens clucking outside the window. Lila's stove was already popping and crackling, and Theo and the

*continued*

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## BOUNTY continued

children already moving about. It was Saturday, a full religious day for Pitcairn, and Theo was pleased I wanted to attend the morning sermon. My clothing wasn't right. From Theo's ample closet, stocked by years of church contributions, came a pair of white pants, a white shirt, a black necktie and a straw hat. Lila gave me a well-thumbed Bible.

I stood with the Young family in the town square, bounded on one side by the children's Sabbath school and on the other side by the church. At the back of the square the island post office nestled against the palms, and next to it lay the great black anchor of the *Bounty*. The bronze bell, the regulator of community life, hung quiet in its white rack. Morris Christian, in his Saturday best, waited patiently beneath it, ready to swing the clapper for prayers.

Eduard and Jack came down the path with Herman Schubert and John Christian. Morris rang the bell, and everyone took his seat in church. The parson, like the Schoolmaster Schubert, spends a two-year term on Pitcairn. He delivered a fiery sermon, referring at times to a biblical message printed on a blackboard behind him. He hurled questions at his congregation, addressing the people by name. They came to their feet and gave serious, exact answers I could imagine sitting in a country church during America's frontier days.

Hank Taft and his group were waiting on *Blue Sea* when the longboat ferried us out for our duty day afloat. "You won't need anything," we told them, "except a toothbrush. They'll take care of you completely."

During evening the wind came up. In the night *Blue Sea* began rocking back and forth so hard she shipped water on both sides. Our anchorage became untenable. Working under spreader lights, we hauled anchor and sailed around the island the rest of the night, running under shortened canvas.

The wind continued the following day, but when our 24-hour period was up the longboat came out anyway. With a bone in her teeth she came plunging toward us. We changed the watch; and once again the Pitcairn men steered their boat safely through the churning foam off

continued

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED NOVEMBER 20, 1968



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 **ARROW** 

## BOUNTY Continued

Bounty Bay. But now, we had to start planning for our departure.

The people, knowing our need for fresh food to supply the boat, gathered the best the island had to offer. Fred Christian's wife baked a tin of biscuits. Violet McCoy raided her kitchen shelves for canned dates, cooking oil and flour. Floyd McCoy, John Christian and Theo Young arranged for fresh water to fill our tanks; and they gave us papayas, avocados, tomatoes, pineapples, corn and bananas. Finally, they handed us bags of clothing for Easter Island.

On our last night ashore John Christian beckoned us off the path and into his house for a "cold drink," a pitcher of lemonade. John's wife Bernice brought out cake and cookies, and the island people dropped in to say goodbye. We sat around John's dining room table and talked of simple things, *Blue Sea's* draft; the weight of miro wood; the amount of rain during the year; the number of steamers that go by Pitcairn every month (an average of five). I asked John Christian about Pitcairn's correspondence with the rest of the world, since almost every house had a table piled high with incoming and outgoing letters.

"We find out about the world by mail," said John. "We know many people by mail alone. A lot of our carvings are sent out by mail, and anything that can't be grown or made on the island must be ordered this way."

In the morning we made a run with the longboat to load food and water. The wind had abated somewhat, but the ocean still smashed against Pitcairn's doorstep. A second longboat came out, carrying 30 men, and women and children, as well. *Blue Sea* had her anchor up, with all sails set, but we came into the wind long enough to wave goodbye to the tossing boatload of islanders. At a signal from the longboat captain they all stood up, precarious as it was, and sang us a song of farewell.

As we sailed away I thought of Floyd McCoy's answer to my question about new settlers on Pitcairn. He had lifted his golf cap and scratched his head: "I wouldn't say we would exactly discourage it . . . I would say we would be easy on the matter."

END

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# LIGHTNING LOOK FOR SKIERS

This winter's recreational ski clothes are as trim as a downhill racer's uniform. Men's quilted parkas, once soft and bulky, are as snugly fitted as a slalom jacket. Girls are now streamlined from head to toe, wearing pullovers made of the same stretch fabrics that revolutionized the cut of ski pants. To dramatize the mood of speed in this year's ski clothes, Photographer Jerry Cooke used a zoom lens to make the Sugarbush skiers on these pages look fast even when they are waiting in a lift line.

Mary Baker's stretch pullover top and Bob Lieder's racing quilt parka with stretch insets have the swift, urgent look of the 1961 ski fashions.







Skiers Bob Lieder, Ruth Henderson and Skeeter Werner take a soup break. All are wearing Sig Buchmayr's soft-hued sweaters and knickers (far left) or leather.



Slim cut and monotone color characterize Cindy Hollingsworth's stretch suit and Ted Watson's cardigan.



THE CLOTHES ON  
PAGES 61 TO  
64 ARE AT  
THESE STORES:

PAGE 61

Libo of Sweden's stretch pullover with a knitted collar (\$45) has matching ski pants (\$44.50); at Viking Sports, San Francisco. White Stag racer's quilted parka (\$25) is at Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Meier & Frank, Portland. P&M's Scandinavian knit racer's cap (\$3.50) is at the Aspen Leaf, Denver; Scandinavian Ski Shop, New York. Italian rubber ski goggles have new snap-on plastic shades, amber and green (\$2.95); they are at Sig Buchmayr, New York.

PAGES 62 AND 63

Slimmed-down ski knickers and patternless pullovers are a new fast look for spring skiers. Beconta sweater worn by Bob Linder is an Austrian import (\$35), at Aspen Leaf, Denver; Don Thomas Sporthaus, Ferndale, Mich.; Norse House, New York. Ha Bogner knickers are made of stretchable Helanca and wool (\$40); Sig Buchmayr, New York; Eli of Aspen, Colo. V-neck pullover (\$35, Reinherz Shops, Boyne Mountain, Mich.) and crew-neck pullover (\$35, Sig Buchmayr, New York; Don Thomas Sporthaus, Ferndale, Mich.) are both imported from Kitzbühel by Beconta. Silk-lined capskin knickers in pastel colors (\$45), made in Bavaria, are at Sig Buchmayr, New York. Ski goggles are by Rolley. Caps and ski socks are all available at Buchmayr. Cotton turtle-neck shirts are from Duofold (\$3) and are available in most ski shops. Beconta's Austrian and Italian ski gloves (\$11.75) are all available at Norse House, New York and Norse House in Stratton Mountain, Vt.

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Cindy Hollingsworth's stretch pullover and ski pants were custom-made for her in Austria last spring. A similar version of Cindy's outfit, manufactured in the U.S., is available at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. The pants are \$40, the pullover \$55, the turtle-neck sweater \$8.50. Stretch pullovers are worn as windbreakers over wool sweaters in the winter, and in spring over silk shirts or cotton turtle-necks. Silver-buttoned Austrian cardigan (\$35) worn by Ted Watson is an import from Beconta, available at Sig Buchmayr, New York; Aspen Leaf, Denver; Don Thomas Sporthaus, Ferndale, Mich.

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Grant's 8

## An Ivy League Buff who can smile again

**Columbia's Buff Donelli knows all about losing. But this season has been pleasantly different, and the Lions—surprise!—are at the top**

Columbia football teams have a losing tradition. To be sure, the 1933 team beat Stanford in the Rose Bowl, but, for that matter, the St. Louis Browns once won a pennant. Over the years Columbia has been soundly beaten by all of its Ivy League associates with the exception of Brown, everybody's punching bag. Even Columbia's uniforms, powder blue with numerals that look like strips of adhesive tape, seem no match for the orange and black of Princeton, the rich blue of Yale or the dark green of Dartmouth.

But this season, tradition and uniforms to the contrary, Columbia is a match for anybody—that is, anybody in the Ivy League, which it now leads with a 5-1 record. This almost unprecedented situation has been enough to cause some girls from neighboring Barnard College to form a cheerleading group (an idea Columbia nixed immediately) and to create a bit more football interest on the worldly Columbia campus. "I wouldn't say it's a mass conversion," said one player. "Columbia is still Columbia."

Winning football has also made a contented man out of Coach Aldo (Buff) Donelli, to whom Saturday had become a word synonymous with defeat. Donelli—he acquired his nickname as a boy when he idolized Buffalo Bill—came to Columbia in 1957 after coaching successes at Duquesne and Boston University. During his first three years his teams won four games and lost 23, and Donelli, who resembles a member of the Apalachin mob when his mood is grim, often looked like a fugitive from justice.

But last year there was improvement, a 3-6 record that might have been even better but for some key injuries early in the season. Now, even in an undistinguished Ivy year, when the league is 4-10 against such outside competition as Colgate, Lehigh, New Hampshire and Connecticut, Donelli is smiling. "He deserves it," says a friend. "He's a sweet guy. He never swears. He'll say 'dang' or 'gaddam,' but Buff never swears." "Well, hardly ever," adds one of Donelli's players.

In a sense, this is Buff Donelli's first Columbia football team, since it is the first year when everyone on the team postdates his arrival. He now has a squad of players who really want to play football. "One of our problems the last couple of years was that the seniors wouldn't set a good example," said Bill Campbell, Columbia's captain, recently. "Seniors must lead a team or else there's no discipline."

### Council of war

Last June, Campbell and the other seniors held a meeting of the team at which the law was laid down. Players were told to get into top condition during the summer. When practice began in the fall, training habits were strictly enforced. "We didn't even permit pastries or soft bread. Just melba toast," said Campbell.

Columbia started the season by crushing Brown 50-0. But the next week, after leading 14-0, it lost to Princeton 30-20. "It was awfully hot," says Russ Warren, one of Columbia's fine running backs. "Our first team just wore out.



WINNING MAKES COACH DONELLI BEAM

Princeton has two pretty good teams, so they were better rested in the second half. I wish we could have them again."

After the loss to Princeton, Columbia beat Yale, Harvard and Cornell. The Columbia line was strong and the team got good passing from Quarterback Tom Yavell, but what really made Columbia a threat in its league was its backs. Tom Haggerty, Tom O'Connor and Warren, all Massachusetts boys. Of the three, Haggerty, a fine breakaway runner, was the most dangerous. Against Lehigh, he carried the ball only eight times, and Columbia lost. "We got that straightened out fast," said Haggerty recently. The next week against Cornell, Haggerty made touchdown runs of 47 and 64 yards and returned a kickoff 85 yards.

Despite Columbia's good play, Princeton, unbeaten, was still leading the Ivy League before last Saturday's games. Right behind came Columbia, Dartmouth and Harvard, each with one loss, each with a chance at the title. While Dartmouth played Columbia in New York, Princeton was playing Harvard in Cambridge.

After six and a half minutes of the

Columbia-Dartmouth game, Columbia, taking advantage of a blocked kick and a fumble to make two touchdowns, had scored more points—14—than it had against Dartmouth in seven years.

"We let down after that," Russ Warren said later. "We got our touchdowns too easy."

Dartmouth bounced back to score and make it 14-8. When Columbia could not move the ball, Dartmouth took over and threatened again. Early in the second period, it marched to a first down on Columbia's 14. "It was just like Princeton all over again," said Haggerty

later. But Columbia held Dartmouth on its nine and the hard-running backs took over, Ohio State style. Of the next 42 plays, Columbia had 37 to Dartmouth's five. Haggerty, who set a school record by carrying the ball 32 times, made the score 22-8 in the third period and 28-8 in the fourth, both on short runs. Both teams scored late in the game, Columbia winning 35-14.

Near the end of the game, the Columbia stands broke out in a loud roar.

"We knew what it must be," said Haggerty. "We weren't doing anything on the field to cause that loud a roar, so we

figured Harvard must have gone ahead of Princeton." Coach Donelli got the news just as his game was ending and he was being carried to the middle of the field by his players. Harvard, he learned, had beaten Princeton 9-7, putting Columbia into the Ivy League lead.

Tom Haggerty was a tired boy after the game, but he dressed quickly, ready for an evening on the town with his parents. "Coach Donelli gives us three curfew hours," he explained. "Twelve-thirty if we lose, one if we win, 1:30 if we win big." On this night curfew was at 1:30.

## FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

The list of the nation's unbeaten and untied major-college teams, dwindling rapidly, was down to three—Texas (8-0), Alabama (8-0) and Rutgers (7-0)—after Colorado got caught up in the latest wave of upsets, bowing to twice-beaten Utah.

Meanwhile, bowl promoters, scurrying frantically to lock up appealing attractions, were busy rearranging their plans. The Orange Bowl, which had decided to invite Colorado and Georgia Tech, now wasn't so sure. The Bluebonnet was angling for Arkansas, while Gator officials had an eye on Syracuse. The best bowl bets: Rose—UCLA vs. Ohio State or Minnesota; Cotton—Texas vs. Mississippi; Sugar—LSU vs. Alabama.

### THE EAST

The Ivy League, of course, looks down its collective nose at postseason bowls, but at least four teams played as though an invitation were in the offing. While Columbia was securing its future against Dartmouth, Harvard, defending with a tenacity seldom seen in Harvard Stadium in recent years, beat Princeton 9-7. The Tigers' single wing, weakened by injuries to Tailbacks Greg Riley and Hugh MacMillan, was reduced to ineffectual probing after a first-period touchdown and Harvard eventually turned a fumble into the winning score. Guard Emue Zissis pounced on the loose ball and sophomore Quarterback Bill Humenuk led the Crimson on a 39-yard scoring march, bootlegging around end for the last yard with 4:45 left to play.

The incentive seemed just as great at Pitt Stadium, where Notre Dame and Pitt bobbled the ball back and forth un-

til the Irish won 26-20. Fred Cox tried desperately to keep the Panthers in the ball game with a touchdown, 45- and 52-yard field goals and two extra points, but it wasn't enough. Notre Dame's Frank Budka passed for one score, set up another, intercepted two passes and recovered a fumble. Other major eastern independents had it much easier than the poor Pitts. Syracuse turned its "last hurrah" with Colgate into a 51-8 rout; Army swarmed over William & Mary 48-13; Penn State beat West Virginia 20-6; Holy Cross whopped Massachusetts 44-7.

Unbeaten Rutgers, pushed back on its heels by two quick Delaware touchdowns, rallied behind the running and passing of Quarterbacks Sam Mudie and Bill Speranza and the line busting of Fullback Steve Simms to outscore the persistent Blue Hens 27-19 and win the Mid-Atlantic title. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (9-0)
2. PENN STATE (5-0)
3. RUTGERS (7-0)

### THE SOUTH

While Alabama, Mississippi and LSU nonchalantly devastated nonconference rivals—Alabama ran over Richmond 66-0, Ole Miss battered Chattanooga 54-0, and LSU beat North Carolina 30-0—there were some significant rumblings in the lower reaches of the SEC. Tennessee caught Georgia Tech looking ahead to Saturday's battle with Alabama and upset the daydreaming Jackets 10-6. A Tech fumble gave the Vols' Gary Cannon a chance to kick a 31-yard field goal, and Tailback Mallon Faircloth did the rest.

Running behind superb single-wing blocking, he picked apart the usually ungriving Jacket defense with slashing charges, then passed 22 yards to End Mike Stratton for the winning touchdown. Auburn, too, was brought up short. Mississippi State, which hadn't won a conference game since 1958, unexpectedly turned on the Tigers and beat them 11-10 when Billy Cook rushed over from the three-yard line and End Johnny Baker made a diving catch of Billy Hill's pass for two points with 2:45 to go.

Duke, heading for an Atlantic Coast showdown with North Carolina on Saturday, warmed to its next task by beating Navy 30-9. Coach Bill Murray, weary of watching his lonely end trying to match muscles with two defenders, sent a halfback in motion toward the same side to force the Middles to split their forces, and it worked even better than he expected. On Duke's fourth offensive play, End Jay Wilkinson grabbed Walt Rappold's 12-yard pass and jugged 65 yards for a touchdown. On the fifth play, Rappold ran 45 yards for another score, and Navy never recovered.

Things weren't quite so simple for some other ACC teams. Maryland



**BACK OF THE WEEK:** Halfback Jimmy Saxton ran 66 yards for TD, rushed 105 more as top-ranked Texas demolished Baylor.



**LINEBACKER OF WEEK:** Wisconsin End Pat Richter caught seven passes for 156 yards, sparked an offense against Northwestern.

stuttered and bumbled frequently against North Carolina State before barely winning 10-7, while South Carolina shook loose Jim Covert for two touchdowns in the last quarter, then held on grimly to shock favored Clemson 21-14. The top three:

1. ALABAMA (9-0)
2. LSU (7-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI (7-1)

#### THE MIDWEST

Minnesota's Murray Warmath is fond of punting out. "It isn't the spectacular plays that win. It's the mistakes you don't make." Last Saturday his Golden Gophers were too busy forcing Iowa into mistakes to make any of their own. The bruising Minnesota defense, led by Tackle Bobby Bell and Center Dick Enga, separated the harassed Hawkeyes from three fumbles, intercepted three passes, blocked a punt for a touchdown; Minnesota won, 16-9. Despite some stubborn resistance from Indiana, Ohio State, the other Big Ten leader, kept pace, methodically hammering out a 16-7 win.

Purdue, the surprise of the Big Ten and Minnesota's next opponent, shelved its gingerbread offense for a battering game and further deflated Michigan State 7-6. Wisconsin, with a lift from Jim Bakken, who kicked Northwestern into a deep hole with his brilliant punting, defeated the Wildcats 29-10.

Without quite overwhelming anybody, Big Eight leader Colorado had won all season long and didn't expect any trouble from Utah, which had lost to New Mexico a week earlier. When Gale Weidner passed to Jerry Hallebrand for a first-period touchdown, the Buffs' unbeaten record seemed safe enough. Then Coach Sonny Grandelius sent in his second team and that was the game. Quarterback Gary Hertefeldt passed superbly, the quick Utah backs slipped through the Colorado line and, almost before the astounded Buffs realized it, they were beaten 21-12.

In other surprises, Oklahoma roused itself for an oldtime Sooner effort and upset Missouri 7-0, and Iowa State flourished against Nebraska 16-13, leaving Kansas as the conference's big team. The Jayhawks, with John Hadl operating the option play brilliantly, smothered Kansas State 34-0. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (8-0-1)
2. MINNESOTA (6-0)
3. PURDUE (6-2)

*continued*



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## THE SOUTHWEST

For a change, everything was crystal clear in the Southwest Conference. Texas had the championship all but won, runner-up Arkansas was again proving to be invincible in November and the rest of the league was nowhere. The powerful Longhorns, a little more ragged than usual on offense but more savage on defense, tromped all over Baylor 33-7. Arkansas kept Rice mired down in the mud at Houston, pecked away at the bulky Owls until it went ahead 10-0. At Dallas, SMU alumni were wailing louder than ever for Coach Bill Meek's scalp after Texas A&M scored twice in the fourth quarter to beat the Mustangs 25-12. But Texas Tech rooters were happy. The Raiders beat brawny Boston College 14-6.

Arizona State paid its last compliments to the Border Conference, outscoring Texas Western 46-28 to clinch a share of the title. Arizona crushed Idaho 43-7; West Texas State's Pete Pedro ran for three touchdowns to help beat Trinity 29-28. The top three:

1. TEXAS (9-0)
2. ARKANSAS (8-2)
3. RICE (4-4)

## THE WEST

Coach Billy Barnes, who had become very sensitive about UCLA's passing, needn't be any more. Using the weapon sparingly but efficiently against TCU, Bruin Tailbacks Bobby Smith and Mike Haffner completed six out of eight for 138 yards to keep the Frogs hopping, then whipped them with their favorite ground game, 28-7. USC, looking ahead to its Nov. 25 date with UCLA, kept its Rose Bowl hopes very much alive. The Trojans alertly covered six Stanford fumbles, ran over the defenseless Indians for 310 yards and beat them 30-15.

Elsewhere on the West Coast, favorites had a miserable Saturday. Air Force pushed over a late touchdown, gambled on a two-point play and beat California 15-14. Washington State, eschewing the pass for once, used a belly series to send Fullback George Reed crashing over for three scores and the Cougars upset Oregon 22-21. Oregon State went ahead of Washington 3-0 on Dave Richman's 23-yard field goal, then stopped the sluggish Huskies on the six-inch line to win its third game. The top three:

1. UTAH STATE (8-4-1)
2. UCLA (6-6)
3. UTAH (6-5)

SATURDAY'S  
TOUGH ONES

**Alabama over Georgia Tech.** Bow-con-scient Tech will be ready for this one, but Pat Trammell and an unyielding defense will keep the Crimson Tide rolling.

**Duke over North Carolina.** The proud Blue Devils aren't eager to give up the Atlantic Coast title. Better passing will help them keep it for a second straight year.

**Michigan State over Northwestern.** Life has been far from pleasant for Duffy Daugherty lately, but better play should restore sagging Spartan spirits.

**Michigan over Iowa.** The Hawkeye defense has developed holes, and those swift Michigan backs will find them.

**Minnesota over Purdue.** But the Gophers will have to be extra careful against the Big Ten spoilsports. The hard-hitting Minnesota line will be the difference.

**Syracuse over Notre Dame.** Dave Sarette's passing and talented Ernie Davis' running will be more than even the tough Irish can handle.

**UCLA over Washington.** Scoring is a problem for the Huskies this year. But not for the Bruins, who have their hearts set on the Rose Bowl.

**Utah State over Utah.** The unbeaten Aggies carry imposing credentials—first in scoring, second in total defense and third in offense. They will be hard to beat.

**Pitt over USC.** Points come rather easily against these two teams. The Panthers will get more than the Trojans.

**Princeton over Yale.** Even without their two best tailbacks, the Tigers generate too much power from the single wing for the Elis.

## Other games

ARMY OVER OKLAHOMA  
BOSTON COLLEGE OVER BOSTON U.  
COLORADO OVER NEBRASKA  
KANSAS OVER CALIFORNIA  
MARYLAND OVER WAKE FOREST  
MISSISSIPPI OVER TENNESSEE  
NEW STATE OVER HOLY CROSS  
RICE OVER TEXAS A&M  
RUTGERS OVER COLGATE  
SOUTH CAROLINA OVER S.C. STATE

LAST WEEK'S PRIORITIES:  
16 RIGHT, 5 WRONG  
SEASON'S RECORD: 10-5-5



**NEW FACES:** Sophomore Dick Shiner (left) threw his fourth TD pass in two games, led Maryland to 10-7 win over N.C. State. Tailback Manton Farncloth was offensive star in Tennessee's startling upset of Georgia Tech.



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The Ghia is a limited production car. Only around nine thousand are made for this country each year.

It's because of the handwork that goes into the body.

We wouldn't even try to make it in the VW plant.

Most auto bodies are designed for an assembly line. One stamping per part. Think, a fender. Think, a door. Think, a hood.

The Ghia stopped us on the first think. It was designed by Ghia of Turin, Italy, with lines that are too sculptured for most production methods. The curve in the fender alone has to be made in 2 sections. Then welded together. Then shaped down by hand.

You can't stop and do this in a plant that's turning out 950,000 other cars.

So we turned to one of the most celebrated custom coachworks left in Europe, Karmann of Osnabrück. In the time it takes to mass produce three ordinary cars, Karmann makes one Ghia.

Inefficient? Of course. So was Cellini.

It takes over 185 men to make the Ghia body alone. That will give you an idea of the handwork that goes into it.

(You can't find a seam anywhere. Not even where the fenders join the hood. One lady said it looked as if it had been carved out of soap.)

But under its wanton exterior, the Ghia's all business.

Its lower center of gravity will hold a bumpy barreletop road at over 70—and take curves with any sports car if you're ever in a squeeze.

Best of all is the Volkswagen engine, transmission, suspension and chassis.

32 miles a gallon, regular gas, regular driving. (Some get a bit more, some a bit less.)

And a Volkswagen by any other name is just as sweet to service.

This is no temperamental prima donna that needs \$40 monthly tuneups and \$100 carburetors.

VW parts fit it and you can get them anywhere.

You also get VW's rear-engine traction in snow. And our air-cooling. (No water to freeze up or boil over. The Ghia keeps a cool head in the longest traffic jam.)

And VW's 40,000 miles on tires. And they almost never need balancing.

The Ghia also has the VW independent torsion bar suspension for all 4 wheels. When one hits a bump, it keeps it to itself.

(Most Ghia owners had VW's first and knew just what they were getting.)

Inside, you'll find all those little things you've told yourself you'd put in a car if you were the factory.

Bucket seats with backs you can adjust. A door with stops to hold it in 3 different positions.

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Even a soundproofed interior, with an acoustical ceiling like a modern office. If you hear a siren in the distance, pull over. It's right behind you.

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But nothing's ever perfect, is it?

## Don't shoot until I open the cage

**The purists claim this should be the motto of most hunting preserves, but for a growing number of outdoorers preserves are the answer to limited time—and talent**

The chance to kill a bird never struck me as a legitimate test of he-man-ship. This is, perhaps, a carryover from an earlier day when, with my Red Ryder carbine, I brought to earth a sparrow whose presence had menaced the neighborhood. In flight the sparrow is a fluttering, darting, impossible target, a hot-dog wrapper on the wind. In hand it was a pitiful lump of inedibility. There are laws to protect little sparrows against young fools with BB guns, and they are good laws.

It was, therefore, a surprise the other morning to find myself preparing to hunt pheasant on a shooting preserve maintained by a former poacher named John Joseph Cox in Dutchess County, N.Y., two hours north of Manhattan. Whatever trauma had resulted from the murder of the sparrow 18 years before seemed to have passed. So indeed had the uncomplimentary thoughts I had harbored about shooting preserves. Gazing on the fat inmates of the Cox pen, the death row of pheasantville, I suddenly relished their execution. They were corn-fed and healthy, with meaty breasts and puffy necks. They looked to me like a thousand feathery Charles Laughtons. I indulged in a silent prediction: "You're going to get yours, Charlie boy."

What followed is an increasingly familiar tableau around the country. By estimate there are 15 million hunters who use shotguns in the U.S. There is also a drastically diminishing supply of hunting land. At a time when shotgun scores on posted signs, panel trucks, cats (domes-

tic), plate glass windows and other hunters are increasing, and it is a hazard for the suburban housewife to get out to the clothesline during dove season, the emergent popularity of the shooting preserve is not only natural but necessary. The Cox preserve is one of 1,800 in 42 states (as compared with 750 in 22 states as recently as 1954). For the East it is large—600 acres. It is pretty land, with good cover and rough terrain, not considered easy to hunt, but there are plenty of birds. Cox has an annual turnover of 10,000 pheasants, 1,200 chukar partridge and 1,200 quail. The land is rich in bird cover—multiflora rose, for example, which has small red berries good for feed. He plants corn and lespedeza and cuts paths through the thickets to make walking easier. He has six guides on his staff and 22 dogs—German shorthairs, pointers, a few English setters and a Weimaraner.

There were two of us shooting on this day. Six birds—\$39 worth on the Cox scale—were released five minutes in advance of our coming, six fat pheasants, which immediately fanned out over a portion of Cox's land, running through the goldenrod. Soon after, a cross-eyed German shorthair named Adam was sent out. A guide followed to call signals for Adam. Guide and dog came with the \$39 package.

To the medalist hunter, the loping, sniffing, crisscrossing reconnaissance of the hunting dog is a beautiful sight, and so it was even for me, the tyro. Adam went about his business quickly. My

partner and I stumbled along behind. I carried a double-barrel 12-gauge shotgun and took care to mention three or four times that I had never fired a shotgun before. I did this for two reasons: 1) it was true; 2) I embarrass easily.

Nevertheless, we were famously successful. With Adam flushing birds from the goldenrod and the milkweed and cornfields and alfalfa and bog grass with equal vigor, his great ears flapping like pillowcases in the crisp autumn air, I was given enough shots and enough time (three hours) to get my share. The three pheasants I shot were like the sparrow only in that they were dead. No predator had damaged their plumage and careful maintenance had insured their plumpness. Pangs of conscience gave way to pangs of hunger.

We had, in retrospect, experienced most of the sensations of hunting in the wilds without actually being in the wilds: confusion when Adam carefully found, followed, then erratically lost the scent; burning lungs as we struggled up and down hillsides and through swamp beds;





boredom over long intervals between shots (this is particularly boring when you're paying for it); excitement when a bird made that fateful pause in mid-air upon being hit, then fell.

We had, too, proved what hunting purists contend to be true—that it takes less than a hunter to be successful on a shooting preserve. Even so, we managed to avoid the gaffs that have been committed by some of the two-footed horrors who have invaded the Cox domain.

"I remember well a party of four," says Cox. "Great sportsmen. Three of them fired at one bird. It came fluttering to the ground, not quite dead. The fourth came running up and bang! the *coup de grâce*. 'What a nice shot we made that time, eh fellas?' he says, a big silly grin on his face. 'What a nice shot.'

"Sometimes they come up here skeptical. There was this big limousine full of seven Irishmen. One of them asks me how the hunting works. I told him 'Sure and that's a fine swindle,' he says. 'You take the liberty to put out the birds. Why, you'd never put 'em out. And if

you did, you'd go and shoot 'em y'self.'

"Well, they went out anyway, and I guided them along for awhile as they slugged around and shot up the place. Finally, all seven of them fired at the same bird and down it came. (You got to understand that once a bird falls all friendships cease.) One of 'em turns to me and says, 'O.K., Joe, who hit that bird?' It all seemed so ridiculous. All I had in my hand was a piece of goldenrod, so I said, 'I did.' He scorned me, 'No you didn't,' he said. 'You fired too late. I saw you.'"

#### Call the coroner

The Cox clientele varies—politicos, businessmen with money, middle-incomeers. Two of his clients are big men—a financial adviser to a wealthy family and a politician, both of whom he declined to name. They once caught a bird in cross fire and disagreed violently as to who brought it down. "Pluck the bird," one demanded of the guide, "and see which side it was shot," Cox intervened. "Listen," he said, "you paid only to

hunt. It'll be \$10 extra for an autopsy."

Despite the tendencies of some of his customers, Cox manages to run an honest preserve. Jim Doe, a development director for the Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers Institute, admits that some others do not. There are a few that use hidden traps from which birds are released by trip wire when the hunter walks up. Other preserves try to play straight but are just sloppily managed. One of their worst sins is putting out poorly conditioned birds. Cox, whose birds are in excellent shape, estimates his cost of operation at \$2 a bird for pheasant, chukar partridge and quail, and he insists that any cost-shaving results in low-quality game. "There are clunkers," says Doe, "but they usually end up out of business."

In most states the game commissions try to see to it that the good preserves stay in business as a supplement to natural hunting. But at the same time the states keep tight control on acreage and seasons. The sizes of preserves vary generally from 100 to about 1,000 acres, but

*continued*

in the Southeast, where quail abound and more land is needed, there are preserves that control as much as 10,000 acres.

Some are very fancy. One such is the 6,000-acre Riverview Shooting Preserve, couched in the flatlands of south Georgia on the muddy Flint River. By Georgia law only 1,000 of these acres can be open to shooting during the October 1 to March 31 preserve season. But during the six days (November 20-25) when Georgia runs a statewide open season, Riverview's clients can hunt the entire 6,000 acres. Whenever their customers shoot, Owners C. B. Cox (no relation to Joe) and Don Hayes advertise their preserve as "strictly for the guy who can afford the finest." They charge \$45 per day per person, in return for which they grant the privilege of bagging 12 quail; for an extra \$3 per bird the client can keep shooting indefinitely. While hunting he is accompanied by a guide, jeep and dogs; for \$15 more he can enjoy overnight accommodations, including a dinner of catfish and hush puppies.

#### Governor, go home

Though they have been in business for only three years, Cox and Hayes say they have already invested \$200,000 in the project. Most of their business comes from the company-president type and the corporate accounts, plus some wealthy fathers introducing their young sons to hunting for the first time. "We steer toward well-heeled businessmen," C. B. Cox says. "Presidents and governors don't help us much."

Some preserves are run as private clubs; one of the best of these is the Rainbow Springs Lodge, five miles west of Mukwonago, Wis. It encompasses 945 acres and two lakes, and its members—400 or more—are all from the Milwaukee and Chicago areas. They pay by the shot at Rainbow Springs: \$4 for ducks, \$5 for pheasant, \$3.50 for chukar. Trout pulled in from a man-made lake are \$1.60 a pound. The lodge is a modified Swiss chalet with rooms up to \$15 a day. A Milwaukee real-estate developer, Francis J. Schroedel, owns the property and is president of the board of directors. Schroedel declines to say what he charges to lease the property, but it's plenty, and he claims to have spent \$100,000 to raise the birds. Club members usually are from what Schroedel calls the "upper-third income bracket." Hunters who

*continued*

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### HUNTING continued

say they wouldn't be caught dead on the place are usually those who couldn't afford to be.

Another kind of preserve is typified by the Mills Brothers Game Bird Club just outside of Bakersfield, Calif. Listed by the state game regulations as private, the Mills Club actually is public. "We are open," says Owner Carl Mills, "to anyone who wants to make a reservation and pay our daily rate." Mills has 720 acres, on which he limits hunters to 35 a day. He gets \$5 per pheasant, \$3 per chukar, with a bargain rate for larger lots. There are no sleeping accommodations and just a small clubhouse, facts that reduce his overhead and increase the range of his clientele from "five-and-dime clerks to movie stars and millionaires." Mills raises 12,000 pheasants and 3,000 chukars a season and objects regularly to the "idiotic" limit (six pheasants a day, four chukars a day) imposed on his clients by state law. "You can go right across into Nevada and shoot 1,000 a day," he cries. "Do you think those birds know they're in California?"

### Plant 'em and shoot 'em

There are, of course, serious arguments against preserves, most of them from hunting purists. By nature, the shooting preserve is an alternative. Especially, it is an alternative for the experienced hunter who is proud of his ability to find game, his ability to kill it and his feeling that wild prey is harder to hit since it at least has a working knowledge of its home field. The shooting preserve changes all this: the game is planted and therefore relatively easy to blunder over; an utter novice can and does eventually kill something, if only the patience of the dog; and, finally, though planted pheasants go wild almost immediately, they still barely resemble the wily natives.

Despite the objections, however, it is also impossible to deny the appeal of this kind of controlled shooting. The preserve is the answer for the urbanite who can't keep a dog, whose time is limited and whose skin is thin, making it unsatisfactory for him to come home empty-handed. For the novice it is excellent scrimmage. For the experienced hunter the preserve almost guarantees a bird or two. There are times when even the best hunter with the best gun and best dog spends two days in the field and gets nothing. This is carrying purism too far.

END



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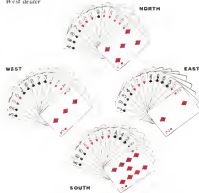
## Happy table talk in Hawaii

Bridge proved itself a successful spectator sport in Honolulu last month. More than 1,500 spectators watched a three-session match between Hawaii's top players and a mainland team that I had the honor to captain.

The 86th International Match Point victory of the Mainlanders—Helen Sobel, Mary Jane and Jules Farrell, Ivan Erdos, Don Oukse, Richard Frey and your reporter—was due in large measure to greater experience. The Islanders fell behind by 50 IMPs on the first 20 boards. But Clara Watanabe, Valentine Anastasopoulos, Jen Hu Chang, Ton Seck Pui, Gerald Pool, Fitz Donnell, Don von Elsnor and Harry Fishel thereafter gave a powerful account of themselves.

Bidding played its customary role in the Mainlanders' victory. For example:

*Both sides vulnerable  
West dealer*



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	1♦	PASS	1♥
PASS	1♠	PASS	3♦
PASS	3♦	PASS	3♥
PASS	5♥	PASS	6♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

*Opening lead: Jack of clubs*

The best bidding is a simple, chatty conversation between partners, with careful notice taken of anything the opponents may contribute to the discussion. The fewer the calls upon complex conventions the less chance that partner will fail to understand exactly what you mean. Tune in on the "conversation" between Helen Sobel (North) and this reporter (South).

**Helen:** One diamond. [I have an opening bid: at least 13 points and a biddable diamond suit.]

**CHG:** One heart. [At least 6 points, and a biddable suit but fewer than 19 points, since I did not jump shift. Of course, you must bid again.]

**Helen:** One spade. [A biddable spade suit, too, but less than 20 points or I would have jumped.]

**CHG:** Three clubs. [I have a strong hand. I know you may believe I have a real club suit, but I am deliberately telling a white lie to make sure that you know of my great overall strength.]

**Helen:** Three diamonds. [Now you know I have five diamonds and, therefore, only four spades. I prefer to give this distributional picture before raising hearts.]

**CHG:** Three hearts. [I have a strong heart suit, with at least five-card length. Keep going.]

**Helen:** Five hearts. [I have better than a minimum hand. I have three trumps in support of your heart suit. I have already shown five diamonds and four spades, so you know I have only a singleton club.]

**CHG:** Six hearts. [Your singleton club is exactly what I need to be sure of making 12 tricks.]

And so it proved. South was able to trump a club in dummy and, after knocking out the ace of hearts, discard the remaining club loser on one of dummy's high diamonds. At the other table, however, when the Islanders held the North-South hands, South, after his partner's rebid of one spade, elected to call three hearts, and North was content to raise to four. North contended, in mild South Pacific tones, that partner might have taken further action, and South insisted that North should have taken a more vigorous step than a mere raise to four hearts. This is all quite vague. Frankly, I think our bidding method was more precise in the exchange of information. The same 12 tricks were made, but the 750 slam bonus was worth 13 IMPs to the Mainlanders.

### EXTRA TRICK

Paint your distribution clearly when you are sure you have time to complete the picture before the bidding ends. **END**

## The year of the jumpers

A spectacular open event in New York tops a season of excellent performances around the country by American and foreign horses



**HONEY RIDER** From Argentina, Carlos Damm Jr., wins International Stake on Sheriff.

Horse show officials can take off the rose-colored glasses they usually wear. Their world looks unaccustomedly healthy even to the naked eye. Last week at New York's National, for example, scalpers were at work (\$15 a ticket) for the first time since World War II, and similar spectator interest has been evident all year around the country. Fifty thousand paid their way into Madison Square Garden over the weekend alone; it was the most profitable National in a decade. The American Royal in Kansas City traditionally packs its arena, and did so again this year, while both the floundering Washington, D.C., and Pennsylvania National shows had far better gates than in 1960.

To the New York audience, the National offered the best open jumping seen at the Garden in two decades. It completely outclassed the international jumping, always the feature event. The international pursuance class, for example, was a fizzle. It was won by Canada's Tim Gayford on his durable Blue Beau, the only horse to clear a 5-foot 6-inch wall.

So the officials restyled the course for the open jumping event later in the week. Among other things, they moved one of the big fences away from roadside distractions and isolated it in the ring's center.

Eleven horses were faultless on the first go-round, and the fences were raised and widened. The tougher but shorter course eliminated only three competitors, and again the obstacles were enlarged, the wall put at just under 6 feet. The eight remaining horses all cleared the course successfully, and again the fences were raised—the wall to 6 feet 3 inches, with the spread fence at 6 feet wide and 5 feet 9 inches high. But this demanding test eliminated only one more horse, and again the obstacles were increased by three inches. The spread fence and not the 6-foot 6-inch wall finally waded out a number of contenders. All but two were eliminated at that obstacle, and Windsor Casale, who later won the stake class, first refused but then sailed cleanly over to clinch third place.

So up once more went the wall, to a

formidable 6 feet 9 inches, and the spread was set at 6 feet. The contest was now between Rivera Wonder, four times the jumper champion at the Garden, and Gray Aero, who had been one of the two open horses to qualify for The President's Cup at the Washington show. Interestingly, both gray geldings were by the same sire, a Thoroughbred named Bonne Nuit, noted for getting high-jumping horses.

Rivera Wonder, under Al Fiore, who has ridden him in all his Garden triumphs, came first into the ring and cleared both the spread and the wall. It was up to Gray Aero to match this performance, but the spread fence stopped him. He rapped a pole, it rattled in its socket and fell to the ground, and Gray Aero lost his first pursuance of the year. But he won the final victory as the show's open jumper champion, taking the title from Rivera Wonder. Sonny Brooks, a 36-year-old professional, has been riding Gray Aero for only the last three weeks—since his owner, Frank Imperatore Jr., returned to school. Brooks pointed out that the horse has missed only one weekend of showing since April and has been champion or reserve at every show in which he has competed, save one.

### Rich prize to Argentines

The international jumping was almost completely dominated by the Argentines, who appeared in the U.S. with a strong team for the first time. Young Carlos Damm Jr., hero of the Washington show, won the International jumping stake with his horse Sheriff. This stake, sponsored by the United States Equestrian Club, is the world's richest (\$7,500) for international riders, and since the Argentine team had paid its own expenses to this country, the money as well as the honor was welcome. Teammate Dr. Hugo Arrambide, a 33-year-old lawyer from Buenos Aires, won the high-point individual honors, and the Argentine team completed its triumph by winning both the high-point championship, previously held by the U.S., and The Nations Cup.

The U.S. team, composed of oldtimers

Bill Stemkrais and Frank Chapot plus newcomers Bill Robertson and Kathy Kusner, was far from brilliant. The group started off the week by getting itself disqualified from the low-score competition through entering it incorrectly. Since the team has shown in this event for years and the conditions are explained in English, the mistake seems hard to understand.

Then, in the last international event, The Nations Cup, the U.S. goofed again. This class is a two-part affair over the same course—once in the afternoon and again in the evening—with the total scores of all three riders deciding the winner. At the end of the afternoon the U.S. was in third place. But Kathy Kusner, who had already ridden the course once and walked it twice, lost her way on the second go-round and was eliminated. The U.S. team then withdrew from the competition. Kathy, incidentally, had won the first blue for the U.S. the day before. Frank Chapot captured the second with San Lucas, the gangly Thoroughbred who was such a success at Washington.

The capital had its best show to date, although it was still an uneven one. The unappealing armory in which the event

is held was beautifully decorated in blue bunting (thriftily purchased from a home-furnishing show held there the week before), with the boxes ornamented by sprays of magnolia leaves. It looked for the first time as though something of consequence was about to happen—and indeed it did. The presence of President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy and Attorney General and Mrs. Robert Kennedy gave the show an enormous cachet and, not at all surprisingly, a superb gate. As a matter of fact, the crowd was so large that box holders who had never been known to arrive on time were there early, in full dress, to protect their seats from interlopers. Those that came saw, besides the Kennedys, some very fine jumping in The President of the United States Cup competition, a new event this year. In the normal U.S. show competition, the international riders are segregated from the professional and amateur riders in special classes, but the Washington event was open to all riders who could qualify. Some of the stuffer show officials had opposed this idea on the grounds that the "wrong" type might win. They were fortunately overruled, and Washington was able to present the year's most interesting jumping

competition. It was ultimately won by Argentina's Damin, who outjumped 37 others in the preliminary and final to capture the Tiffany vermeil trophy awarded by the First Lady. Earlier in the week the cool-headed young horseman had won the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Memorial Trophy (donated by the Robert Kennedys) on his other horse, Swing. But the final honor, as the show's best individual rider (based on points won throughout the week), went to U.S. rider Frank Chapot, who edged out Damin by one point. Chapot's horse, San Lucas, owned by Mrs. John A. T. Galvin, was the show's champion international jumper. This horse, by the way, stands an incredible 17.3 hands tall and looks as leggy as Wilt the Stilt. A newcomer this year to the show ring, the California-bred San Lucas began his career on the racetrack. After 10 starts and total winnings of only \$450, it was apparent that San Lucas was in the wrong line of work, and he ended up on the Galvin ranch. One day last winter the horse jumped over a paddock fence that was almost 7 feet high. Mr. Galvin immediately phoned the coach of the USET about his new jumping prospect, and San Lucas was on his way in the show world. **END**

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## The long leap forward of Jerry West

**After only one season, his play is vital in the Laker push to cut down the champs from St. Louis**

A small revolution is under way in the National Basketball Association. The St. Louis Hawks, Western Division champions five years in a row, are being overthrown by the loyal opposition, the Los Angeles Lakers. Last week the Lakers won the first major battle. They beat the Hawks in both games of a home-and-home series to boost their record to nine wins and two losses and

open up a 4½-game lead over St. Louis.

The Laker surge is principally the work of two men. Coach Fred Schaus and Guard Jerry West. Their forward, Elgin Baylor, is still the finest all-around player in basketball, but the Lakers have been losing with Baylor for several years. Schaus and West are making them win. (There is still some question about Baylor's call to active duty November 22. His regular Army reserve unit has not been activated; he was called as an individual. Such procedure is unusual and undoubtedly will be reviewed. Furthermore, because of a back injury and an obvious tic that causes his head to twitch, he may not be able to pass an active-duty physical.)

West, in his second year of pro ball, has made enormous progress. Last season he was a standout rookie, scoring on 41.8% of his shots and averaging 17.6 points a game. This season he is a superstar. He is making over 47% of his field-goal attempts and averaging 32 points a game, earning No. 3 ranking in the NBA behind Baylor and Wilt Chamberlain. He also is rebounding better than anyone his size, playing an excellent defensive game and shooting fouls with the best of them. Most important of all, Jerry West is giving the Lakers the balance and team confidence needed to win championships.

The Schaus contribution is less measurable but no less telling. In little more than one season he has turned a chronic losing club into a determined winner, largely through his ability to mold capable individuals into a capable team. He is a firm believer in two shopworn sporting clichés—the importance of team effort and team spirit. "Every team in the NBA has good players," he said the other day. "The attitude of the players is what makes the difference. The mental approach is 60%, to 70%, of the ball game." Club officials claim the Lakers

are the friendliest, best-adjusted bunch in the league. This may be an overstatement, but they do get along together uncommonly well. One reason is Schaus's friendly, nonabrasive personality. Another is his sensible system of rotating roommates throughout the season. In a league where superstar teammates are not always on the best of terms, Schaus has kept Baylor and West happy with each other and the rest of the team happy with them both.

West explains his rapid development this way: "I have a lot more confidence now. Last season I was afraid of making a mistake, because I might hurt the team and make myself look bad. I can do a lot more with the ball, too. I was strictly a right-handed shot and I didn't drive much, so the defense was playing me a whole step to the right and in tight. Now I can go to my left and shoot with my left hand, and I'm driving a lot. The driving has helped a great deal. I don't have hands in my face every time I go up for a jump shot, and I'm getting five or six more foul shots a game."

### Baylor paces himself now

West's play has taken much of the pressure off Baylor. The Lakers still go to Baylor in tough situations, and they probably always will. But now Baylor can ease up on occasion; he can store a little strength for the crucial moments while West carries the attack. It behooves Baylor to take these opportunities, which West never gets. "Jerry goes all-out all the time and at both ends of the court," says Schaus. "He's one of the few great players who does that. With him, it's a matter of instinct and habit."

Against St. Louis last week, West was magnificent. He scored 30 points and grabbed 14 rebounds in Kiel Auditorium, scored 42 and grabbed 13 in L.A.'s Sports Arena. The points came from all over the floor—one-handers from the side, jump shots from behind the circle, tip-ins, driving layups. Moreover, West was usually in command of the action. He called the offensive plays, shot from behind screens set up by the cornermen, sometimes dribbled the length of the floor to score on a twisting, floating layup.

In the best coaching tradition, Schaus is cautious about predicting championships. "Wait until after this next road trip," he says. But he obviously is struggling to suppress a streak of persistent optimism. He knows the Lakers are the team of the future.

END

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# Philosopher Horseplayer Teacher Saint

*In such terms as these, his students at Johns Hopkins are hailing Dr. Albert Hammond for his wise and informed words on gambling, odds, poker, bridge, the beauty of horse racing and the place of luck in the universe. Eloquent and independent, he once stopped teaching for nine years to test his views by becoming a full-time gambler*

by ROBERT CANTWELL

*Will not suppose the world purposeless?*

*Any good gambling house is. And its purpose (how?) is to separate the winners and the losers.*

*Do we want to go to a gambling house or a racetrack where we are metaphysically guaranteed all bets made will win?*

*I have twice gone more than 70 races bet without a winner.*

The above are characteristically arresting passages from *Prosperities and Vigories* by Dr. Albert Lanphier Hammond (The Johns Hopkins Press, \$5.50), a newly published work dealing with science, sexual customs, religion, politics and horse racing. For upwards of 40 years Dr. Hammond has been teaching philosophy at Johns Hopkins University and betting on the horses at tracks from New Orleans to Toronto. He once picked up \$4,000 at a meeting at Pimlico and another time made his way back to the college from the Fair Grounds in New Orleans with nothing to eat on his journey except 10¢ worth of cashew nuts.

Dr. Hammond's career as a teacher and a serious gambler began at about the same time. In 1919 he was a graduate student in philosophy and an instructor at Hopkins, working on his doctor's thesis (*Anti-intellectualism in Present Philosophy*). Another graduate student persuaded him to take a day off and visit the track. Although he was born and raised in Baltimore, a horse racing town, Dr. Hammond had never been to a race, let alone bet on one.

"I remember my first winner," said Dr. Hammond last week. "A 2-year-old named The Cook." A gleam of remisscent satisfaction appeared briefly behind his silver-rimmed spectacles at the thought of The Cook's victory and his own happy initiation into the sport. "Well, I went back the next day," Dr. Hammond went on, "and then as often as possible, usually two or three times a week. Finally, in 1926 or 1927, I gave up teaching, and for nine years I followed the horses as a full-time bettor."

Except for Florida, which he somehow missed, Dr. Hammond regularly



attended almost all eastern tracks in these years, following a circuit from New Orleans to Louisville, on to Canada and back again.

"There was a pretty little track up at Ottawa," he said. "My, they had a hard time getting people to bet there in those days. They would hold up the start of a race for five minutes, begging someone to come and put down a bet so they could start. Finally someone would go to the window and bet \$2 on a horse and away they'd go. Connaught—that was the name of the track."

Dr. Hammond is 69 years old, an alert, erect, carefully groomed individual who is austere and dignified, as befits a professor of philosophy, and yet with a certain jauntiness, a trace of the man about town in his manner. He could easily pass for the cashier of a rich and old-fashioned bank, but he might also be mistaken for an experienced dealer in a first-rate gambling house.

*Proprieties and Fugures* is his first book. His total previous literary output consisted of just 15 essays—contributions to professional philosophical journals, several unfinished papers that he read to university gatherings (titled in the missing parts as he went along) and "A Defense of Horse Racing," published in a middlebrow monthly magazine in 1929, which is the only one in any sense qualifying as popular literature.

In his office in Giltman Hall on the Hopkins campus in Baltimore, Dr. Hammond now gives the impression of enjoying to the utmost his first winner in the field of literature—his book is a resounding critical success. He has been photographed and interviewed, quoted in news magazines, praised in personal letters to the author, honored at testimonial dinners by his colleagues, saluted in a long blank-verse poem by a graduate student in philosophy, and The Johns Hopkins Philosophical Association has been renamed The Hammond Society in his honor. The success of *Proprieties and Fugures* hasn't left Dr. Hammond blinking uncertainly in the unaccustomed spotlight, but along with his calm professional air there is at the moment a certain gambler's gratification

continued



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DR. HAMMOND

at having a winner, coupled, perhaps, with some regret that he hadn't latched onto it before.

The book that is making the stir is a small, 264-page volume in a yellow binding, consisting of nine essays. Most of the essays are on technical philosophical matters, such as thinking about thinking, or the paradoxes that are involved in conventional ways of thinking about the speed of light and the motion of the earth. They're difficult, if rewarding, reading. Among them, however—in addition to a remarkable moral defense of horse racing—is an essay on bridge, which Dr. Hammond concludes is a positive social good though a lousy game. Scattered throughout all the essays, amid words like *ostensive*, *cognitive*, *assertoric* and the like, are shrewd and informed comments on the logic and ethics of gambling, unfamiliar bits of racing lore, items of practical advice to beginners, notes of encouragement to frequent losers, personal recollections of extended losing and winning streaks, discussions of the metaphysics of luck, the logical problems involved in living a horse race ("It is simpler to keep some one horse from winning than to make some one horse win"), as well as notations on the philosophical significance of roulette, chess and poker and the difference between gambling in the stock market and betting on a horse race.

"It is my contention," says Dr. Hammond, in his characteristic phraseology, "that the life of an actual man in this world is frequently, not always, better if it includes playing the races."

Now, a bald summary of his argument on this point alone would misrepresent *Propensities and Fancies*. It is a serious work, in no sense frivolous or facetious, though often funny, and Dr. Hammond is in earnest about the value of horse racing, which he holds is a most important and honorable pursuit and doubtless agreeable to the Deity. To see the matter in perspective it is necessary to look at Dr. Hammond's view of the world in general. In discussing the question of the purpose or the purposelessness of life he says, "The world of

continued



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physical events I am willing to leave to matter moving by impact and chance, and I think there may be, and is, a purpose in this as there is in an honest gambling house, where all the dice and roulette balls and cards move by indifferent mechanics and chance. Some players go home winners, some losers; some of each party go home better than they came, some worse. The house will give you a ride back to town and, if a good house, will give you a five dollar bill if you went broke. . . ."

But is our own gambling house a dishonest one? Disillusioned young people often conclude that the game is fixed, the cards stacked, or that, while the mechanics of our house are honest, the attendants are not. Dr. Hammond's answer is that it is honest, a world of matter with the potentiality of law and beauty, but within it the old temptations that win man to evil infringe on his ability to see beauty, to know wonder, to learn, to understand, to choose rightly, as much now as in the first days of creation. "So the world is a waste which never quite succeeds in not conserving and growing," he says, in a rare and eloquent passage, "a folly which never shakes off insight and the getting of wisdom; cupidity that finds itself generous; cruelty making for mercy; cowardice turning up heroes; lust that cannot forget love, and decay that becomes glory."

The arguments for horse racing that Dr. Hammond sets against these thoughts are of the same texture. His defense is on esthetic and social grounds; he approves of racing as a game. In all his writing he tends to support in philosophical language the popular interests of the common man, and to oppose the tendency of intellectuals to detach themselves from him. In a review of a book by Gilbert Highet he wrote: "If one were ungraciously to find a fault . . . it might be to wish for more humor and a little less superiority toward sport." Of Socrates he wrote that Socrates was called too soaring an idealist, "but he was notoriously fond of the gymnasium, of the drinking bout, and of what some of his nicer hearers felt were vulgar

*continued*



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DR. HAMMOND .....

illustrations." Intellectuals commonly assume that "an interest in fugues is better than an interest in bating averages [but] its actual instance is not always wiser, or its devotees more mindful." One great value of facing is in its social communication: "At the track I can always feel at home, never intruding, never intruded upon. . . . And when I am most disgusting of company and resentful of loneliness I can find at the track a populous solitude which is neither alienly engrossed like that of Broadway nor personally exacting like that of society."

Then there is the sense of drama in the occasion: "Before and after and between races there is the air and the spectacle, the faces and colors of the jockey-house, the paddock and the variously individual horses there, the smells and the sounds, the consultations in the stalls, the saddling, the instructions to the riders, the paddock call and the call to the post; and always the crowd with its types and peculiarities, loins and comers, veterans and new enthusiasts and casuals, handicappers and system players and followers of 'information,' the crowd with its wisdom and its superstition and its veering fashions in opinions, its amazing shrewdness and amazing human sheersiveness."

And finally there is the race, involving relief from self and the joy of the spectacle, "endeavor made objective, euthanasia by fear and pity." In general, Dr. Hammond is against defenses of horse racing that are made on utilitarian grounds—he thinks it is most valuable because it is practically useless—but he makes an exception in favor of the old argument that racing improves the breed. The improvement, however, is not that horses become better farm animals "but simply because the Thoroughbred is one of the most effective and beautiful things in the world. . . . He adds to that value in the race. For this came he into the world, for this his breed has been improved, and here he finds and shows the Aristotelian virtue, the worthy performance of one's own activity, the function of one's essence. And



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in his virtue is his joy and a joy of the beholder."

Gambling is merely an added element. Gambling heightens the color and excitement of any sort of contest which we happen to be involved in, "heightens its color and intensity as present experience," Dr. Hammond says. And the racetrack is the finest of all gambles. It is true that racetrack gambling is intoxicating. But this is a merit rather than otherwise; compared to other intoxicants, racing is superior. It is also true that playing the races is nonproductive, but Dr. Hammond holds that gambling, "considered just quantitatively and despite the violent superstition to the contrary," is nevertheless the cheapest of all the world's amusements. The newspapers frequently report absconding bank cashiers who lost thousands at the races, but Dr. Hammond holds that racing cannot be blamed; indeed, he wonders about cashiers who picked so appallingly many losers. Doubtless, much time is spent over form sheets and before mutual windows that might be better spent, but the same is true of sleeping, eating and listening to lectures. Even

the full-time professional gambler should not be judged too harshly, "since no one knows how bad a preacher or lawyer is spared the world in his being a gambler."

Dr. Hammond in his early years decided to become a full-time gambler after long and careful study of the subject, but with a general lack of anything of the sort in his background. He was born into an old Maryland family that dated from before the Revolution on his father's side and from old Virginia stock in his mother's family. The family home was located in the comfortable outskirts of Baltimore, about in the middle of what was then the Goucher College campus. Hammond's father was a Methodist minister. After an illness that affected his throat he gave up the ministry and made a new career, first as a salesman and later as an executive of the Whitman candy company. Hammond, in any event, had a pretty thorough religious training, and in addition he spent each summer, until he was 21, at a Methodist camp meeting in central Maryland. Even now, he says, he reacts a bit if he hears someone use the term camp meeting in a derogatory

*continued*



*At the track Dr. Hammond finds drama and the intoxication of picking winners.*

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## DR. HAMMOND continued

sense. It was a lovely place. "There may have been objectionable features at some," he now says, "but not at my camp meeting."

His sports in college did not give him much preparation for a career in horse racing or gambling. He played chess at Johns Hopkins, and captained the team, but chess was the opposite of a money game. "Stakes are quite impertinent to chess," he has written in *Proprietors and Vigorites*, "and it is indeed better played with none; the game is all. And the game is rather too much, except for those born to it, too hard for mind and also for nerve. I have sounded ridiculous to many a college athlete, full of glory and cheering-sections, by saying that chess is the most exciting of all games; but I am persuaded it is true. I have come out of chess matches lamper than any dishing and gone home to a sleep tormented by unceasing chess situations (which, I believe, I have often handled better, piecemeal fashion, in my sleep than awake)."

His other sport was tennis; again he was captain. "We had a good team in those years," he said, a brief gleam of retrospective satisfaction appearing again behind his glasses, "because the eligibility rules then permitted medical students to play, and we had some good players who were students at the medical school. We had Syd Morgan, who came to us from Stanford; where he was No. 1, he was second at Hopkins to Lindley Murray, who became national champion. I was only No. 4, in spite of the fact that I was captain, and my one triumph was beating Bill Tilden, who was then at Pennsylvania. He was famous for his ability to do things and for his bad temper. It was a dark day, things went badly, he blew up and we beat him."

Tennis in those days was scarcely better preparation for a gambling career than chess. After his first visit to the track and his first winner with The Cook, Hammond quickly branched out to poker and to gambling at Jimmy Fontaine's famous house on the line between Maryland and the District of Columbia. The place was a big, old-fashioned country

continued





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estate, and the line went through the landscaped grounds, a feature that was somehow supposed to confer an advantage in dealing with the police. There were wheels, games, everything from chuck-a-luck to draw poker, and Fontaine carried all the track odds—a big operation.

"Of all games which combine luck and skill," Dr. Hammond has written of that time, "draw poker is incontestably king. The luck is raw and strong and



*As a teacher of philosophy, Dr. Hammond likens the world to an honest gambling house.*

rapid in its repetitious decisiveness, with just enough interval between threat and catastrophe. The powerfulness of luck is nicely met by equal vigor in the factor of skill. The player considers a complexity—of card values, of probabilities of the draw, of position play, of ratios with the pot, of capital, of psychological habits and twists, of surface indications—which all the more restricted intricacy of bridge can match only in intricacy. And he must often do it in the lifting of an eye. . . . One of the most wearying of games, it is, beyond all rival, the hardest game to stop. I have played it 40 hours at one session and been willing for more. It has intoxicated me often, bridge never. . . . Beside it, bridge seems a languid thing. Yet I scarcely ever play poker; I often play bridge. And when I play poker

*continued*

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it is apt to degenerate after awhile to stud, to seven-card stud, to wild cards, to dealer's choice, to all manner of more pure and puerile gambles. Poker is just too good. I no longer care to work so hard as good poker requires."

At 27 he was more than willing to work at it. There were a number of gambling houses in Baltimore besides Fontaine's, and since he was living at home and had no expenses and had his salary as a college instructor to experiment with, he usually invested his entire income on his hunches. But the regular poker game was in his old fraternity house, the players consisting of undergraduates, graduate students and an occasional professor. "I doubt if it is revealing any secrets to say there was gambling in fraternity houses in 1919," he says mildly. As for his motive in deciding to follow the races professionally, "I suppose it was the thought of making money at something I enjoyed doing."

When he decided to leave teaching for the tracks he was 34 and he had acquired a good deal of information as well as experience. He had become a systematic bettor, mastering volumes of statistics. He felt that he possessed the essential requirements for his new career. He had a feeling for horses, a natural instinct in judging them from such considerations as their appearance in the paddock, which he could relate to his statistical knowledge of their racing record and breeding. As a logician, he reasoned there was a factor in betting on a horse race that could theoretically be exploited. Whereas in a mechanical operation like roulette the odds are always the same, in a horse race the bettors make the odds, and as their impulses intervened to affect the odds pattern, it followed that there were always going to be some horses that were overpriced, that is, that they would be held at higher and more attractive odds than they should have been. There would be times when the bettors were systematically wrong, situations in which it would be possible to take advantage of the erroneous odds

they had created. Human bettors would not act like the impersonal roulette wheel with its constant odds of 35 to 1; human bettors might make odds that were roughly comparable to a roulette wheel that came up at a 20-to-1 ratio but paid off at 35 to 1. And the problem was to find the 20-to-1 shots that were paying 35 to 1 and thus gain a clear advantage. "I didn't make big bets," Dr. Hammond explained, "but I bet small amounts on several races." He was asked what he meant by small amounts—\$2 bets? "I have made \$2 bets," he said pointedly, looking a little pained. "But I usually bet \$10 or \$20 on each race. I was making my living at it. I say that I never won a big bet, and I never won on a sure thing. Once I bet on the sure thing in five races on one day, \$100 on each race, with the odds never more than 7 to 5, and they all lost. But there were a number of weeks in which I had three winners with \$100 on each. The most I won on a single race was \$1,500."

Twice Dr. Hammond had more than 70 races bet without a winner. During one streak, when his losses had reached

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the 60s, he went to Toronto and tried to change his luck. It was the last race on a cloudy day at Thorncliffe. One horse seemed easily the best, and another the only one that seemed to belong. He bet \$2 on each, knowing that he could at best hope to win a dollar but trying hard to break his losing streak. In the stretch the favorite led by two lengths over the second choice, with the rest of the field buck struggling around the stretch turn. The favorite stopped in a hole. The second choice fell over him, and Dr. Hammond returned to his hotel with one more failure.

Both long losing streaks occurred near the middle of his nine-year experiment as a professional follower of the races. When he was asked if they didn't test his philosophy to the utmost, he said, "The best thing to do is to quit for awhile. Bad luck is sustained by bad selections."

"But if you had had 77 consecutive winners wouldn't it have changed your views?"

"That would have been even more extraordinary, because of the odds. Much

of the time I was playing long shots."

Some of the views he acquired in this period are incorporated into *Proprietors and Vagrants*. After too long a losing streak he wrote, "One is beyond talk of a purposeless world." In such dark periods there appears to be a malignant anti-purpose at work. But in the same vein of despond Dr. Hammond formed a high opinion of horseplayers. One objection that his friends brought against his way of life was that one met terrible people at the tracks. "I have been in academic seminars and faculty clubs," he wrote in reply, "student organizations, gatherings of the socially proper, of artists, chess players, athletes, and of business and professional men, even of newspapermen and columnists. And from time to time I have been tempted to feel that each was of 'terrible people.' But far less often, I think, at the racetrack than elsewhere."

In more fortunate periods he lived in places like the St. Charles in New Orleans, his favorite of all hotels, where the professional horseplayers gathered. "We made up a small group," he said,

"and we saw each other at all the tracks, but it all tended to be a lone wolf affair. We kept pretty much to ourselves."

In 1937 Dr. Hammond gave up this odd, nomadic and secretive life and returned to the Johns Hopkins department of philosophy. He married, fathered a son and a daughter and settled down to the teaching of his specialty, the philosophy of the scientific method. In 1942 he again left to start a new career, this one at the age of 50, when he took a job on the copy desk of the Baltimore Sun. "I don't know," said the editor who hired him, "I never hired a college professor before. But you at least ought to know where the commas go."

Each afternoon at 4 Hammond took his place at the bend of the horse-shoe-shaped copy desk. He achieved renown as the slowest man on the desk, but the most accurate. At 12:30 each morning he left, often with a collection of prime examples of illogic or bad English culled from the press. After a year the Hopkins philosophy department

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called him back, and he has since divided his time between the newspaper and the college, currently working five nights a week on the *Saw* and teaching two classes in philosophy at Johns Hopkins.

When he reached retirement age last summer his position was something of a problem, for while he had been connected with the philosophy department since 1914 the quixotic nature of his work had left him with the rank of only associate professor. The trustees accordingly named him associate professor *emertus*, the first ever selected for that honor outside the medical school. At an impressive testimonial gathering of his former students and colleagues he was hailed as a man who had restored something that a scientific age had forgotten: "due respect for luck and chance." The last lines of a student's poem in his honor were:

*Complete the artist's portrait, see the man*

*Philosopher, horse-player, teacher, saint.*

His own statement of his credo was a little less emotional, a little more characteristic of a man who made playing the races an integral part of his philosopher's career. "What I'd like to do," he said, "is write about 10 more books." His ambition suggested pretty clearly what had happened when he won with The Cook on his first day at the races.

**M**ost of us, when we accept any Providence," he has written, "are apt to read our own good into that good end, and to interpret that good of ours in terms of our present purposes. There was and is always the unwarranted hope that in this gambling house the wheels and dice shall be a little but helpfully crooked to favor me or at least the right people. Well, the right people are safe; but not in the world of events. Three things are among those I think one can be quite sure of. The good man is better off than the bad. If you are 'good' in order to get this reward of being better off, you are not good and will not get it. The rain, desired and undesired, falls on the just and unjust alike." **END**



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## Mountain out of a Molehill

Everett Kircher has created a mountain of ski dollars in the gently sloping state of Michigan

by PETE WALOMEIR

The ski resort of Boyne Mountain stands outside the tiny village of Boyne Falls, Mich., 250 miles northwest of Detroit. The name is a crazy courtesy, for until 13 years ago it was a knobby hill in a gently sloping countryside, pleasant but no more so than the neighboring hills. From parking lot to hill bottom (or as one competitor puts it, "from the top of the flagpole to the bottom of the well") the drop in terrain measures just 485 feet, which makes Boyne a mountain in the spirit of the sideshow that once boasted of having the shortest giant in the world.

It was acquired in 1948 by Everett Kircher, a Detroit automobile dealer who wanted to go into the resort business and believed that a man can call his own property anything he likes. He called his molehill a mountain, and he has made a fortune out of it.

For Boyne Mountain is as prosperous as an Alp. It is valued at \$3 million. In the time it takes to put out a resort folder this quiet Michigan hill became a small rock-candy mountain, with plenty of gingerbread in its angular Swiss architecture and with comforts that nature never knew. At night the ski slopes are bathed in electric light and, some nights, by the moon. When natural snow is lacking Kircher can provide the artificial variety. Indeed, the whole place is a remarkable snow job. Nobody works—or at least nobody seems to work; everybody plays. As in Camelot, the 240 employees go about their tasks almost furtively so as not to intrude the sordid into the idyllic.

An intense, bouncy little man of 43,

*continued*



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### Boyne Mountain *continued*

who walks with a swagger, Kircher likes making money and is amused by the ingredients of his success. "People come here because it's pretty," Kircher says. "Look. The sunshine on the snow is beautiful. Everything smells like it was freshly baked. We can't let them know there is a cotton pickin' hint of work involved in anything. Last night \$3,000 worth of pipes froze up because some idiot was afraid to call me on the telephone. But this morning I'm around slapping people on the back and telling them it's nice to see them again. That's the challenge in this business: to do things on the sly. People don't like to hear your troubles. As far as they're concerned, I'm just a jerk who skis around all day and sits in the saloon at night having fun. I've got the role down to a science."

Besides the main lodge, the resort has a brand-new lodge (11 bedrooms), a chalet, assorted bars, a dining room and cafeteria, an ice rink, a heated pool, and sideline attractions like a country store—all within walking distance even on a sub-zero day. "This is a ski resort," Kircher said, "not a ski area. We want people to feel the togetherness. We don't want them to have to look elsewhere for anything." That logic extends even to the dining room, where hostesses are trained to seat strangers together (preferably male and female) to give nature a nudge. Kircher and his general manager, droll,



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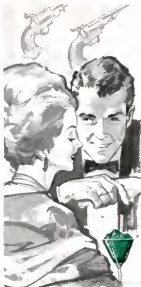
FRONT OF LODGE AT BOYNE MOUNTAIN

nonskier, 43-year-old Chuck Moll have made a study of the life expectancy of the average skier, with a clear eye toward stretching it from just that side of the cradle to just this side of the grave. They figure that, male or female, a skier lasts three years, then marries and forgets it. "Our job," says Kircher in missionary tones, "is to get them back into the fold. They drift away from skiing until the children are 5 or 6. Then Pop starts to move up in the firm and figures he needs a little exercise. Mom is sick of housework and bridge clubs. They look around, but they don't want to wait for things. We've got the beds, the lifts—all the conveniences. We offer them a tight package and they snap it up."

Two years ago economically depressed Michigan led the recession in idle workers, and general tourist trade was off 16%. But at Boyne Mountain it was up 16%. Last year it went up another 10%. In the past two seasons Kircher has shoveled nearly half a million a year into expansion, and long-range plans for the next three years call for another quarter million a year. "I don't know if we'll ever take any profit out of the place," he says, like a martyr.

As the profit is reinvested, luxury abounds. Last season other resort operators scoffed as Kircher replaced the tow-rope on his beginners' run with a double chair lift. "The toughest thing in skiing is learning to ride those damned ropes," he said. "I think the beginners should have the chairs and the more experienced

continues



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## Boyne Mountain

skiers the ropes." In all, Boyne's 16 runs are served by five double chair lifts, assorted T and J bars and ropes. The chairs bring profits coming and going. As president of Kircher Motors Inc., Kircher heads the firm that leases the chair lifts to the Boyne Mountain Corp., over which he also presides. Thus the right hand lends to the left and the left puts it back in the right's pocket. This causes



EVERETT KIRCHER SMILES PROSPEROUSLY

occasional differences of opinion between Kircher and the department of Internal Revenue.

"What we have left after taxes we invest," he says. "The government doesn't chisel at our profits. It hits them with a meat cleaver." Kircher abhors the \$3 million price tag on the premises, though he put it there himself. A few years ago he estimated the resort's assets at that figure for a rural sportsman, and within hours the village of Boyne Falls had doubled his \$1 million tax assessment. Still the money rolls in. For the past two years the lodge, runs and other facilities have grossed more than \$750,000 annually, and by 1964 Kircher expects the take to top \$1,500,000.

He explains it this way. "We've been successful because we've outhorsepowered everybody else. Not many big ski operations are built on ski revenue alone. You've got to invest big, be financed by outside capital. We're big because we think big. We've become

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WRITE FOR COLOR FOLDER  
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[illegible]

*Boyne Mountain* continued

the place to ski in the Midwest area."

Kircher is disdainful of those who hope for fast profits on a limited investment. "They come here and watch me sit around the dining room or prosking with the boys, and they think it's all a snap. So they say to themselves, 'I can build a place like Boyne Mountain for \$50,000. There's plenty of higher ground around here, and I'm at least smarter than that dunce Kircher.' So they go off and lose their \$50,000 and wonder why it didn't work out. And in the meantime maybe they build close by here and people ski at their place but sleep in my beds, and I lose money. You don't take profit from the beds or dining rooms or bars. You make it on the lifts, and anyone who sleeps here but slips off to another place to ski is costing me money."

Kircher has aimed his appeal toward two groups: the family and the single male and female, tying them together with a single motive, to give them a reason to ski. "Sex," he says, pounding on the oak table in his office. "Sex brings the girls north looking for guys. And vice versa. You can call it anything you like, but it's just plain sex. I've often wondered just how much the improvements we make affect this boy-meet-girl urge. But skiing must have something to do with it. Otherwise," he chuckled.

continued

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## Boyne Mountain

"they would keep coming after the snow melts."

While there is snow, real or manufactured, the female trade clearly has the upper hand. Stein Eriksen, the demigod of all skiers, was the original bait for Kircher's hook. (He was ski pro at Boyne in 1953-54, 1954-55 and the first six weeks of last season.) "Stein knew what they wanted," Kircher said recently. "They wanted him bareheaded in a bright sweater. Sometimes these girls make me laugh. They all dream of falling in love with the ski instructor. This is the image they want."

This season, Eriksen's place will be taken by blond, blue-eyed, 33-year-old Othmar Schneider, an Olympic gold medal winner in 1952. "Stein is the captain of a pro racing team and he's going to be on the road quite a bit this year," said Kircher. "Also, he has his ski school at Aspen Highlands. He was spreading himself too thin. Schneider is probably the second-most-popular instructor available and, besides that, he's more the executive type. We have him on a full-time, long-range contract."

### Full day of fun

Inside or out, the activity at Boyne moves at quickstep. In a normal day one may take a lesson in the morning ski all afternoon, take a dip in the heated pool, have cocktails and dinner, then see skate, take a sleigh ride or watch movies. On weekends Kircher opens all three bars, each directed to different economic groups—from the Scotch-on-the-rocks trade to the pitcher-of-beer mobs.

Kircher has an ingenious, not to say distinguished, explanation for Boyne's drawbacks as a ski hill. The most dangerous run, Hemlock, is a Sunday stroll for most experienced skiers. But Kircher argues that what the hill lacks in height it makes up for in ease of repetition. "Skiing," he insists, "is measured in vertical feet, whether it's here or Colorado or Europe. In Switzerland you can ski 10,000 vertical feet in a day, but it takes two trips up the mountain. Here our longest run is 485 vertical feet, but because our lifts can handle 5,000 people an hour you can make 30 runs a day, and that's 15,000 vertical feet. If you took six Boyne Mountains and stacked them atop each other, they'd equal Aspen. You can't ski all of Aspen in one run. So here you get the same effect, top

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, NOVEMBER 21, 1967

to bottom, us making six stops out there."

Kircher spends some \$30,000 a year in the manufacture of snow. A few years ago he spent \$3,000 a month in an unsuccessful attempt to "seed" the clouds with silver iodide crystals, as they passed over Lake Michigan, hoping they would drop their pay load on his ridge. They unloaded more frequently on other resorts in the area, however, and he cut off his involuntary charity. He switched



OTHMAR SCHNEIDER IS BOYNE'S NEW PRO

to giant air compresses that run at his whimsy, day or night.

It is not uncommon for the snow makers to grind away in the midst of a heavy snowfall. "Skiers use an enormous tonnage of snow just pushing it to the sides of the slope," Kircher said. "This little bank runs out of snow about mid-March, and we have to keep going until Easter. We're playing poker with the weather, and it's holding a big handful of thaw. We can't take any chances."

Kircher was born in St. Louis, the son of an auto mechanic. The family moved to Detroit when he was 2. After two years at the University of Michigan, he quit in 1939 when he became bored, restless and broke. He loafed for a year, then bought a house-trailer sales business on a \$3,000 loan from his father. A year later he branched into the auto business, becoming the youngest Chrysler dealer in history, and "fed the car business" with the profits from the house trailers.

continued

## How well do you know your geography of Italian wines?

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**From Asti,** the lively, lovely, Cora Asti Spumante. This sparkling white wine is a celebration in itself and does so much for fruit, ices and cheese desserts.



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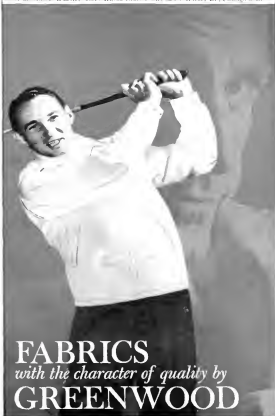
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## Boyer Mountain continued

When World War II cut the bottom from both, he bought some machines and made nose cones for Navy five-inch rockets. At war's end the machines were scrapped and Kircher went back into the auto business, selling Studebakers.

A skier from his high school days, Kircher used to hit the few spots available in northern Michigan, spotted Boyne's possibilities and talked a lumberman out of the original 40 acres. Later he traded another tract of land to the Boyne Falls school board for another 160 acres, then added the rest piecemeal.

In 1948 he paid \$2,000 for Sam Valley's old Dollar chair lift as scrap and \$3,000 more to move it to Michigan. The same year he brought ski pro Victor Gottsche (later killed in a western avalanche) to Boyne. "I could see a helluva need for something in skiing that people could talk about, a big Shangri-La where they could get more than wet feet and cold noses." He built the main lodge, kept expanding and modernizing so that now the resort has beds for 425 skiers and/or watchers. In 1955-56 he left the auto business entirely and built a year-round home near the resort. Today Kircher owns 94% of the stock, a friend and his parents own the rest.

Each year he attempts to stretch the season even further. He made a big bid for summer trade by building a golf course, a swimming pool and a riding stable. "People have gotten completely away from one-resort vacations," he theorizes. "They like to ride and stop and ride some more. We'll not only get them thinking 'one-resort,' we'll have them thinking 'winter,' too, before we're through."

**END**

## EVEN BEGINNERS' SLOPE HAS CHAIR LIFT





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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

### RISE AND FALL

Sirs:

Your article *Apocryph in Smogsville* (Nov. 13) reminds me of the one you published sometime ago entitled, *The Decline and Fall of New York* (Jan. 11, 1960). You based your statement on the following: the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants had left, the Yankees had slumped badly, Floyd Patterson had been kayoed and our football Giants were beaten in the championship game. Our Knicks and Rangers, of course, were just plain lousy.

But, now the Yankees are the tops, Patterson has matured into a great champion, the Giants are one of the strongest teams in the NFL, and the Knicks and Rangers are no longer the laughing stock of their respective leagues. Even in the young AFL, the New York Titans are doing all right. New York has risen once again. Maybe your article is just what Smogsville needed.

IRVING FINAEL

The Bronx, N.Y.

### BOX OFFICE

Sirs:

Your recent National Basketball Association preview (Oct. 30) made reference to the NBA becoming "big league." But how can any sports organization be truly big league when it determines its championship in so ridiculous a manner as does the NBA? When the sole effect of all the games played in the preplayoff season leaves all but two of the teams still "championship" contenders, isn't it obvious that the only real consideration is protecting the box office?

SIM BENJAMIN

Scranton, Pa.

### IC

Sirs:

I was very much impressed with Gilbert Rogin's article *Get Strong Without Moving* (Oct. 30). As a believer in conditioning young boys before they enter high school athletics, I would like to know more about isometric contraction.

S. R. BARNETT

Brevard, N.C.

Sirs:

I am very interested—particularly in the length of time involved in contraction, the tension applied, frequency and any other technical information.

ROBERT J. DONGELL JR., M.D.  
Hagerstown, Md.

Sirs:

What exercises might be suggested for 1) tennis players, 2) basketball players and 3) improvement of general body tone?

RALPH KAPLAN

Whitehouse, N.Y.

● **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will answer these and many other technical questions about isometric contraction in an early issue.—ED.

Sirs:

Is isometric contraction the same as Charles Atlas' Dynamic Tension, or just a first cousin?

CHAS. D. R. CHAUBÉ, D.C.  
Racine, Wis.

● More like a Siamese twin, since it is almost impossible to find an exact dividing line between Dynamic Tension (which requires the muscles to be contracted in motion) on the one hand and static or isometric contraction (muscle tension without movement) on the other. Arthur H. Steinhaus, Ph.D., whom Rogin quoted in his story, says: "When I was a kid it was Svoboda and his Conscious Evolution; he contracted a biceps, and [keeping the muscle tensed] examined it as critically as a 5-year-old. Then it was Charles Atlas and his Dynamic Tension. These were all exercises, self-resistant exercises, which, wittingly or not, exploited the Muller theory of isometric contraction." Pure isometric contraction takes self-resistant exercises a step further in resistance against an immovable object whereby fewer muscles are employed and single muscles or muscle groups may be more easily isolated for study.

First cousin to all of these is isotonic contraction, i.e., calisthenics.—ED.

Sirs:

The opening statement, "... are taking up a no-sweat, no-pain system of muscle building," is somewhat misleading. If one performed the IC exercises with "no-sweat, no-pain," he would most likely maintain his present level of strength and endurance. To build up muscles usually requires heavy resistance to increase strength, many repetitions of a light resistance to increase

endurance. Either type of exercise (isometric or isotonic) to build up muscle has one sweating and, usually, is a bit uncomfortable to perform. Also, Dr. Karpovich's statement, "Isometric contraction will not build up endurance and stamina," needs to be qualified to be correct.

JAMES M. SAWYERS

Lakeland, Fla.

Sirs:

"There is nothing new under the sun." Sixty-odd years ago I saw Sandoz—or was it George Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion"—tip a coin over with one of his abdominal muscles while lying on his back. If that wasn't a demonstration of isometric contraction, what was it? My unshared slogan for the past several years has been, "You can keep in shape in a phone booth."

JOSEPH P. McENARY

Great Barrington, Mass.

Sirs:

The one person directly responsible for developing the theory and basic research that has led to broad use of this exercise concept is Dr. Erich A. Müller, M.D., of the Max Planck Institute of Work Physiology, Dortmund, Germany. Dr. Müller first began experimenting with this exercise concept about 1952, and publications of his work appeared in *Arbeitsphysiologie*. In 1957 it was published as "The Regulation of Muscular Strength," in the *Journal of Physical and Mental Rehabilitation*, March-April issue. This was the first English translation of all of his work. From this stem all of the concepts that we read about in this country today.

KARL K. KEHN

Arlint, Texas

Sirs:

My own first experience with isometric exercising in general was as an instructor in the British Army 20 years ago, and no equipment was used or needed to obtain substantial results. It is our experience that true isometric exercising derives its major purpose and worth from the fact that no equipment is necessary, or even desirable; that it can be done anywhere, without undue fatigue or strain; and that the contractions leading to balanced muscular development are obtained merely by holding the body itself in various simple postures, each for a few seconds.

PATRICK REID

Vancouver, B.C.

Sirs:

You may be interested to know that some of us in the Marine Corps were working with isometric exercises as early as 1958. The original research which popularized this form of conditioning was done by Dr. Erich A. Müller, M.D., of Dortmund, Germany. The late Charles H. McClintock, Ph.D., of Iowa University, one of this country's foremost



MARINE LIEUT. JOHN TERPAK PRACTICES IS

physiologists, became interested in Dr. Müller's work and did a considerable amount of the original research on it in the U.S., especially at Farris Island Marine Base.

Additionally, we are developing an isometric program for grade school children in response to the national plea from the President's Council on Youth Fitness. This photo illustrates one of a series of movements we are working with here at Camp Pendleton. Lieut. John Terpak, former University of Pennsylvania halfback, is performing the squat movement for strengthening the legs (as I look on).

GEORGE E. OTTOM  
Captain, USMC

Oceanside, Calif.

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## PAT ON THE BACK



CHRIS OHIRI

## Hard-hitting diplomat

Chris Ohiri of Nigeria, a 22-year-old sophomore at Harvard, is studying for a career in diplomacy, but there's nothing diplomatic about the way Ohiri plays soccer. Last year, when he was a freshman, his razzle-dazzle switch kicking so confused his U.S. Ivy League opposition that he scored 36 goals in nine games. Moreover, the sheer power of his kicks stunned four hapless American goalies and knocked another cold. "Soccer doesn't get as much attention here as

your football," is the way Ohiri explains it, "but back in Africa it's a big sport."

This season Ohiri, who is shown here with Harvard Coach Bruce Monroe, is looking even better than he did last year. Against Tufts he scored all five goals in a 5-0 win; against Cornell, five goals and three assists; against Amherst, all four goals in a 4-2 win. And his kicking continues to make goalies tremble. "It's easy for me," he says. "I've been kicking a ball ever since I can remember."

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